Fit "TripleX" -and be safe Lanchester do

THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 22, 1936
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIV No. 1883 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEB. 22 1936

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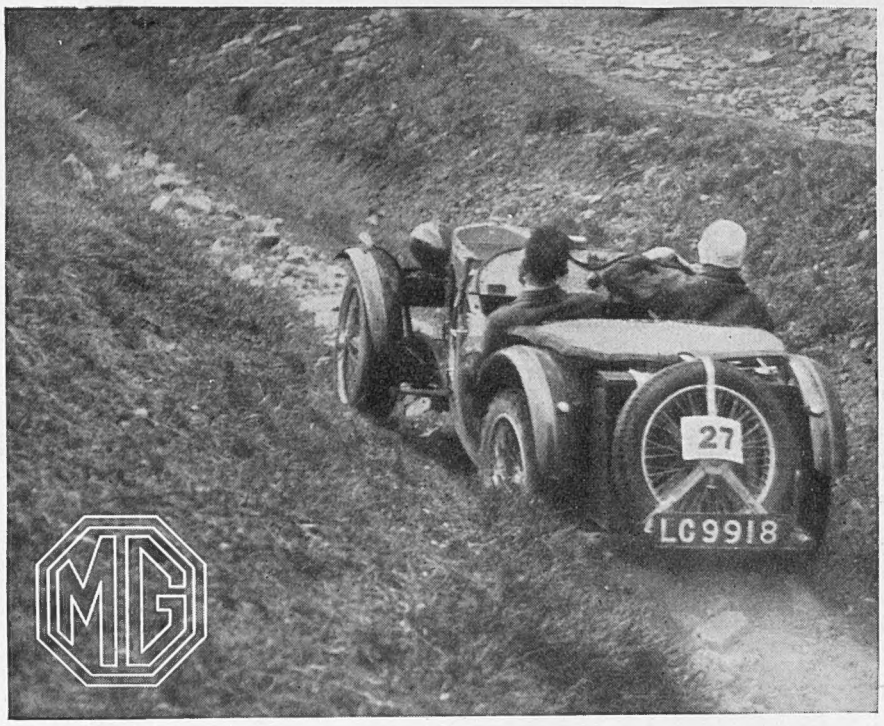

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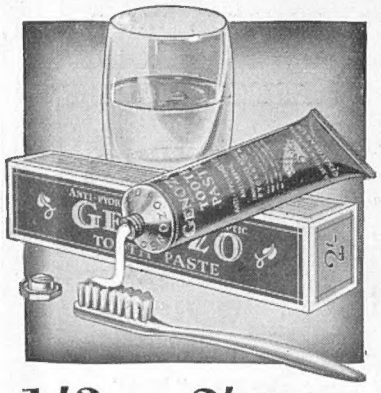

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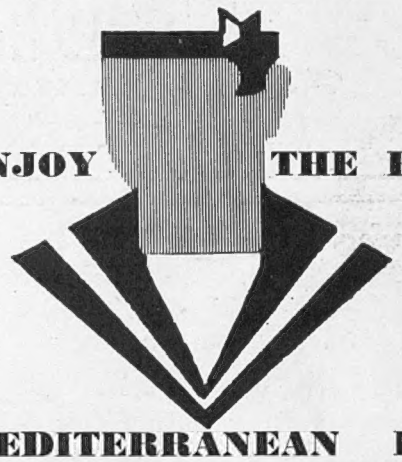

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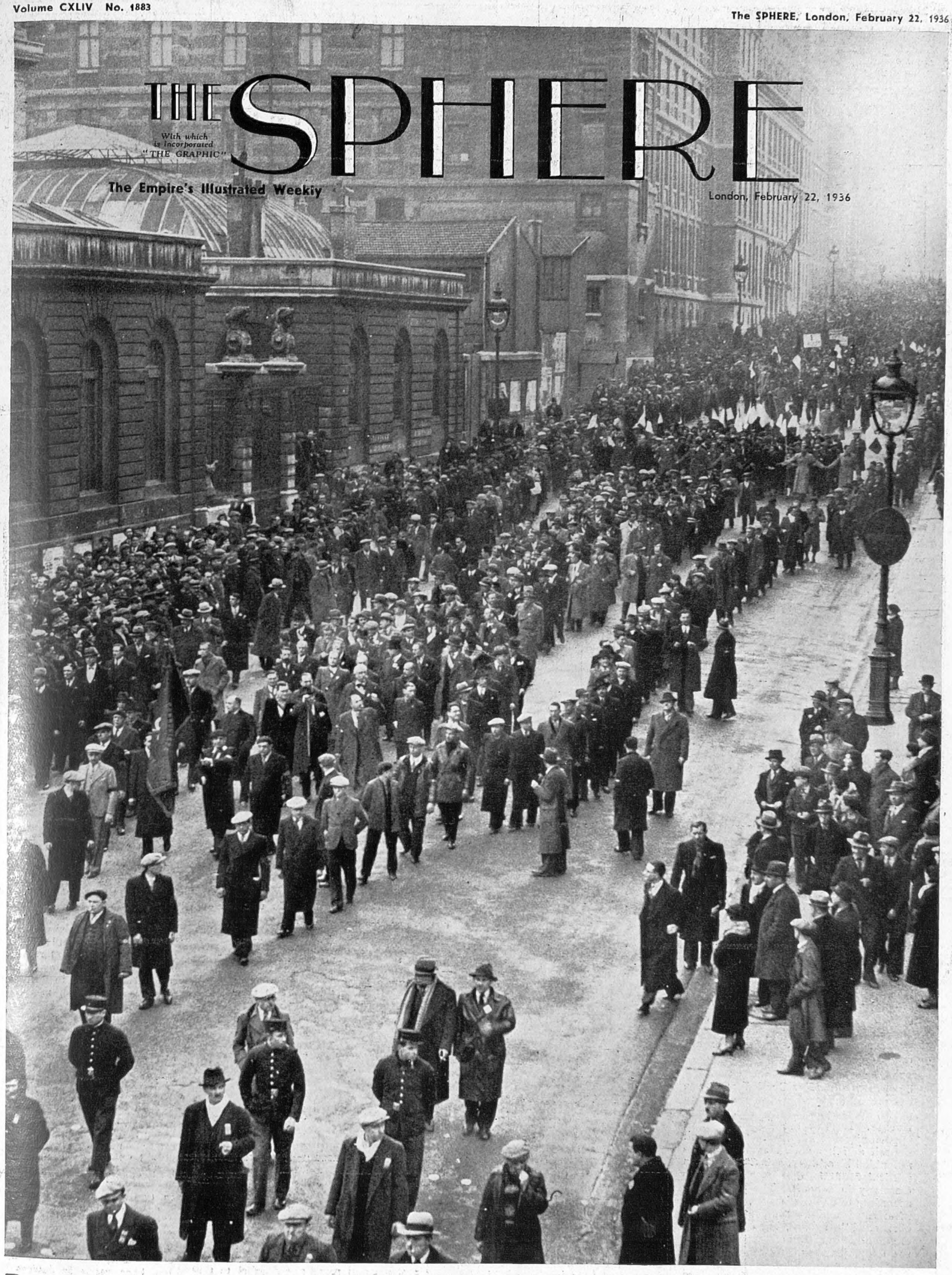
Volume CXLIV No. 1883

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 22, 1936



Paris Socialists Demonstrate

The Vast Procession which Marched Through the Streets as a Protest Against the Royalist Attack on M. Blum

The violent attack by Royalist youths on M. Léon Blum, the French Socialist leader, was regarded with disgust and indignation throughout France, and it was significant that it was denounced in the Chamber just as strongly by politicians of the Right as by the Socialists who were most directly concerned. The immediate results of the outrage were the arrest of several Camelots du Roi who were charged with actual participation in the assault and, more important still, the dissolution of the Ligue d'Action Française, the Royalist organisation which, it will be remembered, played such a large part in the Place de la Concorde riots of two years ago. On Sunday last the parties of the Left staged an immense demonstration to protest against this Royalist violence, a procession being organised with the consent of the Premier, M. Sarraut, and of the Prefect of Police. It was made all the more impressive through the fact that there was no outbreak of disorder, the 200,000 demonstrators marching for miles through the Paris streets and contenting themselves with the shouting of slogans. There has been a certain amount of criticism of the Government for allowing the demonstration, and several Paris newspapers have pointed out that M. Sarraut and his colleagues have not been as impartial as they might; but it is urged, on the other hand, that the procession provided an outlet for feelings which otherwise would possibly have found more dangerous methods of expression

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

LONDON'S WEATHER IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: The group of pictures given here shows the violent changes in weather which London has recently experienced. Trafalgar Square registered in dramatic fashion the switch in temperature; the basins of the fountains became frozen over, then rapidly melted, and with a rise in temperature, the whole Square was submerged in a dense fog

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 19, 1936.

FRESH FUEL FOR THE FIRE.

—The world has not been made a sweeter place by the situation created by the report of the League's oil-sanction experts. The "wisdom" of imposing such a sanction on Italy is not a question which any human being can confidently affirm. Its morality and justice as a League measure no honest man can deny. It has been suffered to "hang-up" for vital months on the subsidiary question of whether, if imposed, it could be effective. Now the experts have cut away this last plank under the feet of the wavering nations. It could work effectively—in time for next season's fighting—if America would vary her present neutrality resolution. But she won't. Business is good and she sees no cause for restricting her oil exports to Italy to the pre-1935 level. With America ready to ship abnormal supplies, and Italy herself capable of supplying half her own needs, and non-sanction countries offering tankers, the "aggressor" can laugh at the League's trump card, and win her war, if she can. At the moment of writing she thinks she can do it, short-heading the big rains.

. . .

The murder of Herr Gustloff at Davos has proved (as assassination must always prove) another ulcer in the sick body of Europe. It gave the Führer another opportunity for his fury. He lashed himself and his nation enchained into redoubled blood-lust against the Jews in particular and the world outside Germany in general. The murder is, according to civilised usage, to be commemorated and kept alive in a "re-christened" square, and the true German life is to be maintained against the envy, jealousy, and malice of the rest of Europe. And so civilisation totters on at the mercy of every chance or premeditated blow struck by madmen, high and obscure.

THE ROYALIST OUTRAGE.

—France also has had her object lesson of the folly of tolerance or half-hearted measures in dealing with her militant organisations, and the Government has at last taken resolute action to save its own skin. M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, was on Thursday recognised by a number of Royalist blackguards who were lining the funeral route of M. Bainville. They beat him with loaded canes and he barely escaped with his life. If there be one certain fact it is that assassination and exercise of force on political opponents are bound to do harm to any cause, sound or unsound. Every political party in France, probably including the Royalists, execrated the act and felt humiliated by a state of things which made such blackguardism possible. The bitter memory of the ineffective police measures in Marseilles was fresh, following the conclusion of the travesty-trial of the accomplices in King Alexander's murder. With the approval of all its opponents M. Sarraut's Government instantly dissolved the Royalist Leagues—the Action Française, the Camelots, and the Students' Federation. The Royalist cause had been making headway of late years. This outrage by its blackguard elements must inevitably set it back again. Always it is the same thing. Minority causes—even the romantic and idealist—find their heaviest handicap in the undiscipline of their own followings. The tail wags the dog, and there is no advance possible but along the constitutional road. I can think of but one exception—the suffragettes. The women of England set a bad example to the young men of Europe.

ROSS LOQUITUR.

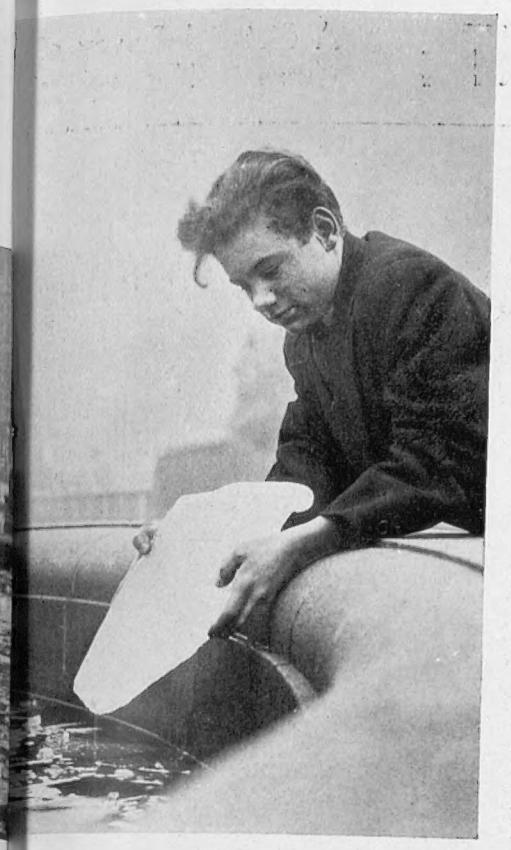
—Ross has spoken. So has Cromarty, that mercurial shire. So (still more ancient history) have the Scottish Universities, and two more tried Socialists are confirmed and saved to National Government. Even if neither MacDonald pulled his weight (which is not the case), I for one would rather they were in than out, so vital it seems to me to recruit for a national Government from all parties to the old and unregretted dog-fight. Mr. Randolph Churchill cut no considerable figure and only just saved his bacon. It was—in my opinion which is not worth much in politics—a false step on the road to Westminster. But several men have made their name by fighting hopeless by-elections, though they usually intervened when their help was more widely welcomed. The chance of Sir Samuel's returning to the Cabinet, purged, welcomed and triumphant, is not made more remote by the return of the MacDonalds, because, had there been half a dozen vacancies, a certain term in the wilderness is prescribed for all ministers who trip or are made scapegoats of a Cabinet blunder. But it is a short sentence, counted in months, and in the second division. Sir Samuel has already had his distinguished visitors and baskets of fruit from among his unconvicted associates in crime.

TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

—I have seen some lovely effects of nature and art in all seasons of the year in different countries, and I have vivid recollections of the pantomime transformation scenes in my childhood. But nothing I have seen in those lines ever came up to the effects of that brief shower of rain which fell on the Tuesday of last week in the middle of the bitter frost. Instantly (for the shower fell in the form of hard diamonds) every feature of the landscape was etched in silver and brilliants. Every leaf had its glass covering which exactly reproduced its every vein. Every tree stump had a lid of shining glass. Every telegraph wire and aerial were silver wires, glittering in the sun, and every bough and twig were part of a scheme of silver filigree which stretched away in a jewelled blaze on every side, so that the eye was blinded by the magnificence of the sight. None who saw it could recall any parallel to that splendid sight which lasted the best part of the next day under a sun which blazed down with the warmth and brilliance of May.

AIR DEFENCES.

—It is a vast sum which the Government has reluctantly determined to spend on the vital needs of defence in the next three years, while it continues its efforts to press on disarmament; and inevitably some of the millions spent this year will be dead money—the defences they have paid for being already out of date—by 1939. The country will derive chief interest, a feeling of security and (as house-holders) the gravest anxiety, from the air defence schemes. As I understand it, the military authorities have planned a chain of naval air bases the whole way up the East Coast from Kent to Scotland. These bases will be spaced at regular intervals near but not actually on the coast; of which Martlesham in Suffolk will form one and be a type of many. They will be in the main bases for anti-aircraft units, swift squadrons ready to go up instantly to attack and drive off hostile aircraft. None questions the necessity for such preparations. But every lover of peace (international peace and peace in private life) will want to get a sight of that official map of the East Coast of Britain with its red circles marking the bases to be. How many hundreds of ideal homes, how many havens of secure peace, are to be ruined and rendered uninhabitable by these grim necessities. It is impossible for an individual with a pre-war nervous system to live his life within two miles of an aerodrome. Even for the nerveless product of post-war England domestic life near a base for our swiftest seaplanes is intolerable. The speed of such machines increases every year, and hitherto no progress has been made in devices to deaden sound. A few years ago I camped near Harwich, and was reduced to pulp after a week of ceaseless din. It is dreadful to imagine the misery and even ruin which those "red circles" foretell for private families. More ghastly, more intolerable is it to reflect on the larger issue; how the madness and hubris and suspicion and jealousy of a handful of dictators and statesmen years add to the burden of existence for scores of millions of innocent, peace-loving, friendly, and harmless individuals. But madness lies along the line of thought.



and the Duchess of Devonshire in Carlton Gardens. It looks therefore as if Buckingham Palace, when the King vacates York House, will for some time to come be a palace with many rooms in brown holland and with only a small and convenient section in commission, for the immediate requirements of the King and of his staff. In the near future the Royal Family will no doubt be closely grouped in a very small circle which contains Buckingham Palace, Clarence House, York House and Marlborough House; of those the last named is infinitely the most attractive and convenient as a Royal residence and it has been too long empty. Once, when it was empty after Queen Adelaide's death, it was turned into an art gallery.

SOUTH AFRICA 1936.

—We are not likely to forget the claims of our own British Industries Fair. In the past years it has built up—chiefly on its merits—a magnificent publicity, and every year its miles of stands draw more and more buyers from Overseas. The King, who has constantly identified himself with its fortunes, made it this year the first public function of his reign. Its importance needs no stressing by me. Therefore, in the midst of its activities, I put in a timely word for a younger sister shortly "coming out." This fall, on September 15, a very important Empire Trade Exhibition will be opened in Johannesburg. It will coincide with, and commemorate, the Jubilee of that great and growing city and will compare in importance with the great Wembley Exhibition of 1924. It will not only be a purely Empire show but it will be the first such ever held overseas. Both British and South African Governments are whole-heartedly supporting it, morally and practically. Empire trade is to-day of prime significance and it is high time that we in England woke up to the fact that this vital exhibition is a feature of the not distant future. Mr. Charles Giveen, who gained great experience of organising such exhibitions by his association with the Buenos Ayres 1931 trade fair, is the London Manager, with offices at 21 Tothill Street, S.W. 1. The British Pavilion will be a gigantic structure covering an acre of ground and dominating the exhibition grounds. It will house a variety of interesting displays unconnected with trade, including a famous show of gold plate lent by Livery Companies and Universities; a very personal collection of insignia lent by the Royal Family; the whole history of British shipping, road vehicles, and aircraft illustrated in panoramas and models from Saxon to present times; and the triumphs of medicine over tropical disease will be fully documented. South Africa's gold output will be brought home to millions of visitors by novel methods of statistical display, and the natural beauties of South Africa will be impressed on sightseers and tourists in a variety of panoramic scenes and gardens. Those who claim to estimate South Africa's gold resources foretell a "fantastic" prosperity for the Rand within five years. They speak of a gold output from the Witwatersrand mines at a rate of more millions per annum than I dare set down; and estimate that within a decade the Rand population will be on the million level and that whites will preponderate. I will not comment on these prophecies but I dare to say that this coming exhibition is a subject which should be in the minds of all patriotic and far-sighted Britons who realise that the betterment of Empire trade is of the very first importance to-day in the solution of the Empire's and the world's economic (and therefore political) problems. Let us always remember, in giving the Exhibition our support, that no Dominion has more conscientiously than South Africa carried out her obligations under the Ottawa Agreement.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

—The announcement that the Queen intends without long delay to make Marlborough House her permanent home revives interest in that great house. She is very fond of it, as it has many happy associations with her early married life. Its situation is the happiest, and for her the most convenient, in London. Its garden is charming, and the suite of rooms overlooking it are airy and sunny and quiet. It was the Queen herself who a few years ago superintended the redecoration of the house for the Prince of Wales, and she transformed the south front into a series of very pleasant rooms, full of light and air and colour against a mainly ivory background, and by no means too large. The northern rooms are not, of course, attractive. They are dark, and face too closely the high buildings on the south side of Pall Mall. Those the Prince had provisionally chosen for himself were particularly dark, being at the north-west corner. The kitchens and offices on the large ground floor are not perhaps labour-saving, but more suited to the Queen's establishment than they would have been for a bachelor prince's. All up the main staircase the famous wall paintings of Marlborough's wars had, when I saw the house a few years back, been cleaned and looked very imposing. The Queen will have as her nearest neighbours Princesses Victoria and Marie Louise in Pall Mall

THE LIGHT BLUES ON THE CAM: The Cambridge crew about to push off on a practise row. They are now in their sixth week of training and are showing excellent form, their performances to date making them clear favourites for the forthcoming boat race. Oxford has been unfortunate up to now as, owing to flood conditions, the eight has done little hard work

CO-HEIRESSES TO THE THRONE.

—Few subjects nowadays are of more perennial interest among females in the "parlour" than that of the Royal Family, and of the Royal Family Princess Elizabeth probably commands the largest following of ardent "fans." What a bombshell, then, a contemporary has hurled in their midst—nothing less than to question Princess Elizabeth's sole right to ascend the throne in certain eventualities many decades hence. It is an academic point, no doubt. Princess Elizabeth's chance of sitting on Britain's throne in the future is a fairly long-odds chance since it depends on several not improbable eventualities. But (disregarding these) the bombshell propounds: Princess Elizabeth, having a sister, could have no right to claim as heiress by primogeniture, but merely to claim an equal right with Princess Margaret as co-heiress. We could not have the throne or title of Sovereign "in abeyance." Therefore an Act of Parliament must in due course, when the Princesses' chances of succession are defined more certainly, regularise the position in favour of the elder. . . . No, cry Princess Margaret's supporters (who are many), there's an Act to say you can't have an Act on this serious subject of the succession; or, at least to get one will be a labour of Hercules. And so the polite parlours are (as the name implies) parliaments more or less polite according to the stage reached in the argument.

A CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS.

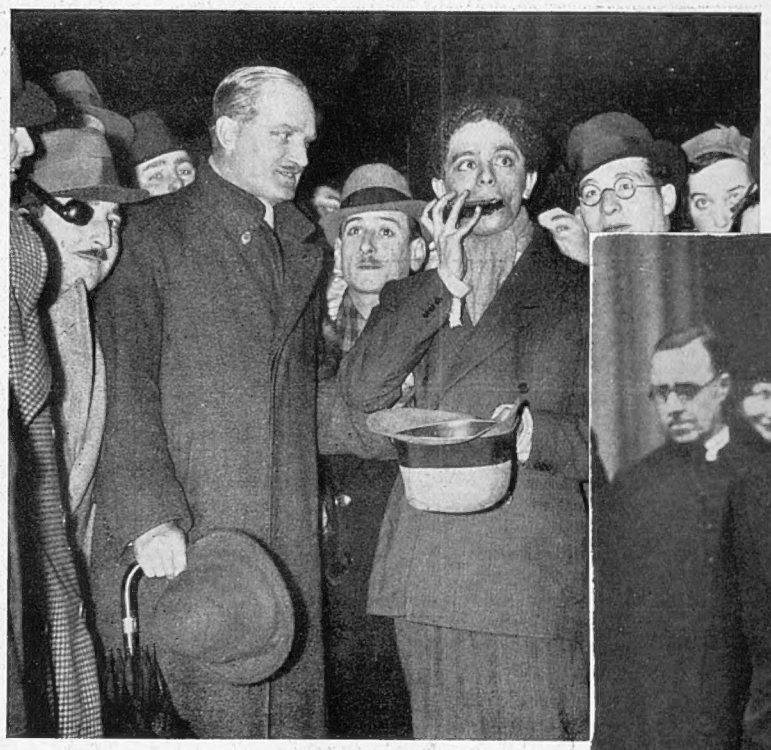
—How I wish that 1936 might be notable for a return to moderation and sanity in the book world. The spring glut is already upon us, and looks like rivalling last October's cloudburst. It is not that good books are lacking. There is published every year a higher percentage of sound books. The trouble is, they are swamped in the flood of cheapjack and shoddy, and because of the vastness of the output, authors of merit receive too little chance of profit and approbation. The conscientious reviewer admits defeat, and the bookseller, having a reading public largely composed of the uneducated, dare not select on merit and does not stock on merit. Neither publisher, critic, library nor bookseller any longer endeavours to carry out the great trust of educating the public. The novel question is the crux of the matter. There is a vast public avid for sex and crime novels of the crudest kind, and scores of publishers handle them by the gross in the hopes of snatching one best-seller which will pay for the great majority of their still-born duds. But the dignity of letters is trailed in the dust also in other spheres of literature. Any man or woman with a smattering of education considers himself or herself equipped to write a biography. Often his industry is commendable and he puts in any amount of useful research. It never occurs to him that patient training are necessary before a decently written book is turned out. Such people presumably have never heard of, or despise, the infinite pains in composition which masters of prose like Stevenson and Moore took. A couple of biographies (read by me lately) point my moral—a biography of Samuel Romilly and a portrait of Lady Ellenborough. In each case the author reveals commendable industry, but both books are spoiled by slipshod writing, or carelessness in proof reading, faulty grammar, and a ruthless disregard of the correct designations of the authorities cited and acknowledged.

THE OLD STAGER

LONDON'S PASSING PAGEANT: A Pictorial Survey of Current Happenings

THE FIRST INVESTITURE OF THE REIGN: Members of the Royal Horse Artillery, in their picturesque braided uniforms, leaving Buckingham Palace last Tuesday after receiving orders and medals from King Edward in recognition of the special duties which they performed, together with other members of the Service, at Sandringham, Windsor, and London on the occasion of the King's passing. A second investiture was held on Wednesday

MODERNITY, THE KEYNOTE: One of the galleries at the White City where the furniture and textile section of the British Industries Fair was opened this week and good business with foreign buyers has already been reported. As usual an attractive feature of the display is the fashion parade



HIDDEN TALENT: Larry Adler, harmonica player, who, for a wager, gave a performance before the Holborn Empire theatre queue last Saturday but was not recognised by the crowd until press photographers appeared

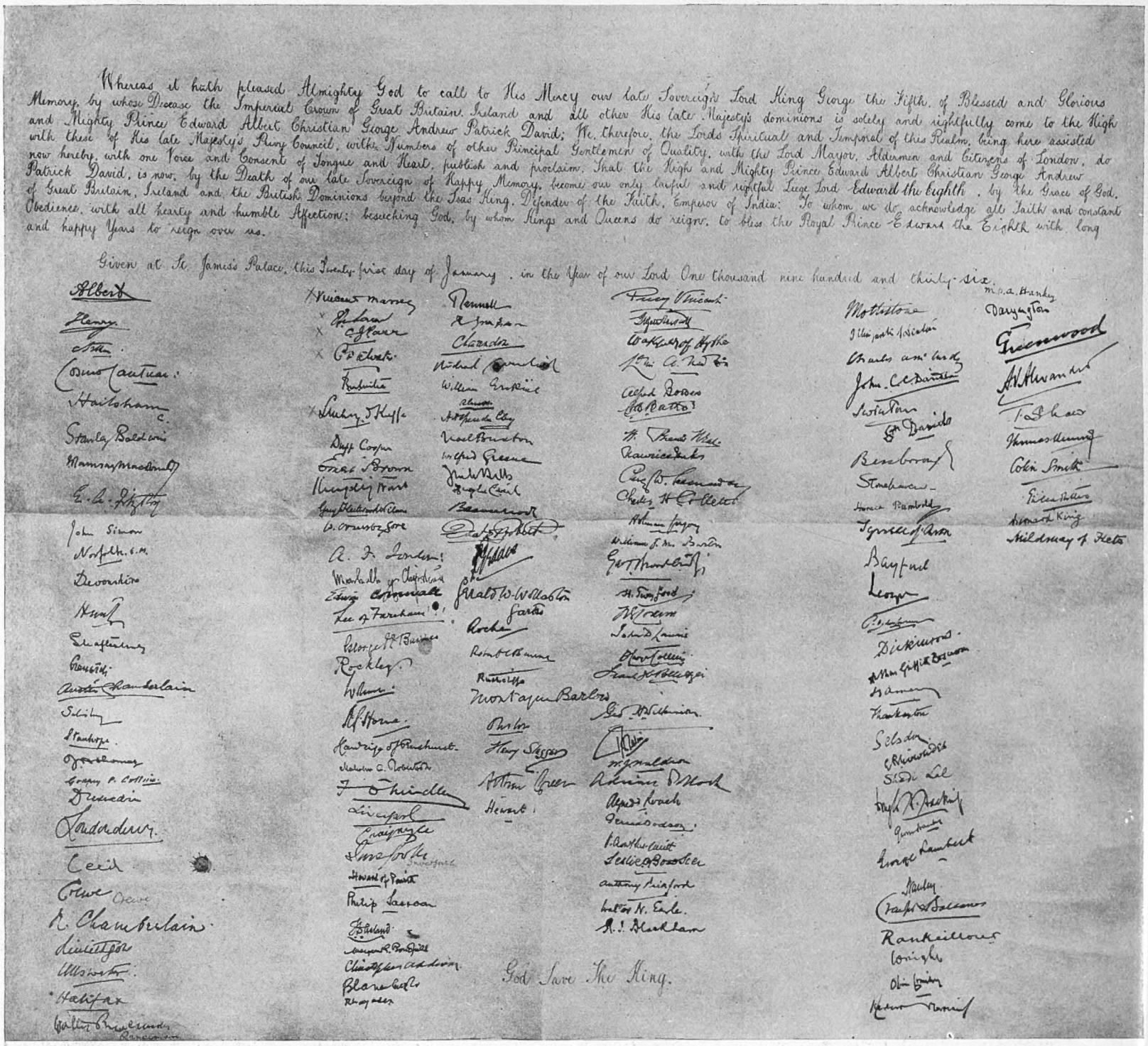
THE NEW KING'S COUNSEL: Some of the sixteen K.C.s who last Monday were "called within the Bar" at the Law Courts with all the usual ceremonial. They wore Court dress with black silk breeches and stockings, silk gowns, and full-bottomed wigs, and in the order of their seniority made a tour of all the courts where judges were sitting. Their names are: Mr. Noel Middleton, Mr. Kenneth Swan, Mr. Francis Bray, Mr. George White, Mr. Henry Glover, Mr. St. John Field, Mr. Richard Hayward, Mr. Tristram Beresford, Mr. Thomas Carthew, Mr. Harold Murphy, Mr. John Eddy, Mr. Hugh Hallett, Mr. Conne Pilcher, the Hon. Cyril Asquith, Mr. Trevor Morgan, and Mr. Henry Parry

A NOTABLE ST. VALENTINE'S D... of Mr. John Walter, one of t... Burgh Whyte, elder daughter... dens, Kensington, leaving ... on Friday, February 14, ...

THE EPITOME OF EFFICIENCY: The gun crews of H.M.S. *Excellent* and H.M.S. *Pembroke*, which drew the gun carriage at the funeral of King George, leaving Buckingham Palace after attending the first investiture of the reign last Tuesday, when the officers were decorated with the insignia of the Royal Victorian Order and the petty officers and men with medals of the Order. They were to have marched to the Palace, but at the last moment went by bus, plans being changed on account of unfavourable weather reports

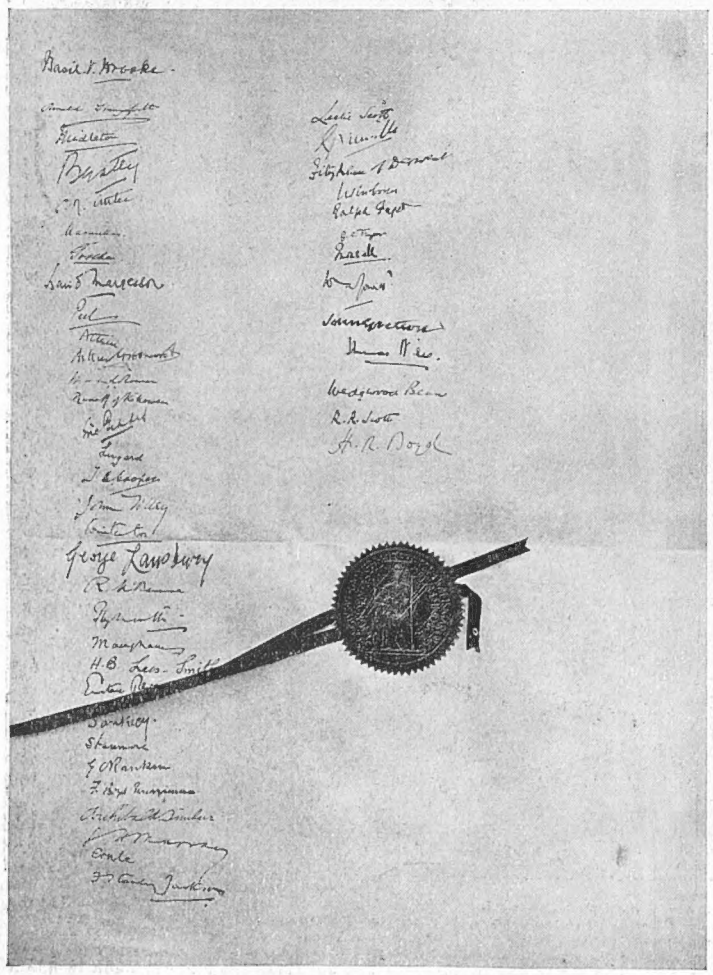
WEDDING: Mr. Roderick Walter, second son of directors of *The Times*, and Miss Amicie de Mr. William de Burgh Whyte, of 4, Tor Gar- Peter's, Eaton Square, after their marriage which the Bishop of Southwark officiated

THE MEDIEVAL NOTE: Miss Joan de Burgh Whyte (sister of the bride), Miss Inés Walter (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Esther Grant, Miss Patricia Benn, Miss Viola Calmettes, Miss Cherry Pinckard, Miss Heloise de Salles, and Miss Griselda Gould—the eight bridesmaids at last week's wedding of Mr. Roderick Walter and Miss Amicie de Burgh Whyte. They wore medieval dresses of white faille, trimmed with wide belts of gold kid embroidered with pearls; they had white silk net caps on their hair and each carried a single scarlet amaryllis with a gilded stem. The bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon in Spain


Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George the Fifth, of Blessed and Glorious Memory, by whose Decease the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, Ireland and all other His late Majesty's dominions is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David; We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of His late Majesty's Privy Council, with Numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of London, do now hereby, with one Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, publish and proclaim, That the High and Mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, is now, by the Death of our late Sovereign of Happy Memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord Edward the Eighth, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India: To whom we do acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection; beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward the Eighth with long and happy Years to reign over us.

Given at St. James's Palace, this Twenty-first day of January, in the Year of our Lord One thousand nine hundred and thirty-six.

God Save The King.



A PAGE OF GREAT NAMES: The first sheet of the facsimile which has been prepared from the original manuscript announcing the accession of King Edward, as signed at St. James's Palace on January 21 by Princes, Peers, Privy Councillors and others, and read the following day by the Heralds at four places in London—St. James's Palace, Charing Cross, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange

The Accession Proclamation

An Historic Document Reproduced in Facsimile

The facsimile of the Accession Proclamation, which is published by His Majesty's Stationery Office at 2s. 6d., is a document of remarkable interest in view of the countless famous signatures it contains, and also in view of the fact that even the blemishes have been allowed to remain. "Albert," "Henry," and "Arthur," the chief christian names of the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Arthur of Connaught are at the head of the first column followed by "Cosmo Cantuar," the signature of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Lang. Next come the names of Lord Hailsham (the Lord Chancellor), Mr. Stanley Baldwin (the Prime Minister), Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (the Lord President of the Council), Captain E. A. Fitzroy (the Speaker of the House of Commons), Sir John Simon (the Home Secretary), the Duke of Norfolk (who as Earl Marshal was in charge of the funeral arrangements), and the Duke of Devonshire. At the head of the second column the Dominion representatives had signed; the names of Mr. Vincent Massey (High Commissioner for Canada), Sir James Parr (High Commissioner for New Zealand), and Mr. Te Water (High Commissioner for South Africa) being clearly visible. Sir Percy Vincent (the Lord Mayor of London) signed at the top of the fourth row, and was followed in order of precedence by other City notabilities, except for Lord Marshall of Chipstead, who attended both in the capacity of Privy Councillor and Alderman, and signed his name in the second row. The nine lines of script at the head of the manuscript begin as follows: "Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George the Fifth, of Blessed and Glorious Memory, by whose Decease the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, Ireland and all other His late Majesty's dominions is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David; We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of His late Majesty's Privy Council, with Numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of London, do now hereby, with one Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, publish and proclaim, That the High and Mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, is now, by the Death of our late Sovereign of Happy Memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liège Lord Edward the Eighth, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India . . ."

On left—THE SECOND SHEET of the facsimile of the proclamation, bearing the ribbon and seal and further prominent names

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EUROPEAN *Survey*

CHANGING OF THE GUARD IN BUDAPEST: A striking picture from the Hungarian capital showing a military band, its big drum drawn by a pony, on the way to the Palace to take part in the daily ceremonial. The view from this hill is magnificent, looking across the broad and stately Danube to the imposing buildings in the commercial quarter of the metropolis

COACHMAN TO FIVE POPES: This was the record of Rinaldo Jacchini, who has just died at the age of ninety-one. He was the last holder of this post as in recent years the horses have been exchanged for motor cars, and the ornate state coaches are now museum pieces in the Vatican. Altogether Jacchini worked in the Papal stables for seventy-one years, and his most stirring memory, he claimed, was driving the hearse that carried the body of Pius IX through the rioting mobs in the streets of Rome from St. Peter's to the cemetery of San Lorenzo Alverano

THE MURDERED NAZI LEADER: Herr Gustloff, the German representative of National Socialism in Switzerland, pictured with some of his followers at a sports meeting in Davos a few days before his assassination by the young Jugoslavian Jew named Frankfurter, a crime that has resulted in a declaration by Chancellor Hitler, who delivered the funeral oration, that Gustloff would be regarded in future as "a holy martyr of the movement and that his picture would hang in the office of every Nazi organisation abroad"

On right—THEY ALSO SERVE: A Finnish soldier enjoying a cup of coffee with a member of Finland's Women's Legion, an organisation that now has 80,000 active members and is named the Lotta Svaerd after a courageous girl who helped and tended soldiers during the war against Russia in 1808. The members, who all wear exactly the same uniform without any distinction of rank, have a host of duties including the operation of military hospitals, of field kitchens, and of the intelligence service

THE GOSLING STEP

Soviet Russia with the Pioneers, Fascist Italy with the Balilla, and Nazi Germany with the Young Folk, each in its Different Way Instils Youth with the Gospel of Militarism and of Service to the State

By FERDINAND TUOHY

REWARD OF FAITHFUL DUTY: Twelve-year-old Namlakat Nachangova, a member of the Soviet youth movement known as the Pioneers, being decorated by prominent members of the Communist party with the Order of Lenin for her work in the cotton fields of Tajikstan. This is Russia's highest honour

IN HUNDRED upon hundred of Continental cities and towns it is to be heard to-day; the light tramp, tramp of the children, for the Dictators.

The brave new world across the Atlantic may have been the first to mass-produce utilities; it has been left to a braver old world to be the first to mass-produce human beings.

Of course we have been cognisant of it for a good while; yet the tread, tread of these serried ranks of boys and girls now begins to gain in urgency—since are not two circumstances converging? Are they not growing up and is not the future growing more and more uncertain?

Let us admit it straight out: These young Russians, Germans, Italians, as they strut importantly, chests out, behind banner and drum, most times a chorus on their lips and a warm pulsating in their veins, consciously feel that they are the promulgating vanguard on a colossal scale of reborn States, of a recast civilisation. They have been told that they alone can make a new and fairer future, and steadfastly they have fallen in behind the men who told them: Lenin-Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini. Whether they must move through awful war towards their dream-goal seems immaterial to most of them; they are children yet.

RUSSIA'S GOSLINGS: Members of the Pioneers engaged in physical exercises at a summer camp in the Crimea. They always begin the day with this training and are divided into groups according to age

One thing the goslings do know, and it is enough. Theirs to remake the world, and theirs, meanwhile, devotionally to honour and obey with every fibre of their young beings the dictatorial trinity that put not only their bodies but their souls in uniform for the magical crusade. (Nor is this any attempt at spectacular writing: just go and watch them.)

But, you may say, we know all this. Yes, but do we realise how fast it is progressing? Or, realising, may we not still be too inclined to smile the whole business off? To smile at Mussolini's latest order, that every boy be henceforward given a military service record book on his eleventh birthday? To smile anew on learning of von Schirach's compulsory roping of all boys and girls between the ages of ten and fourteen into the Young Folk, junior grade of the Hitler Youth which, for its part, is now to have Academies, one for the young male at Munich, a second for the League of German Maidens at Brunswick? It does sound funny, I'll admit. *But* . . .

Behind it all is the most rabid and bitter, savage "Have-Notism" that history has ever known (Russia here excluded). Behind it all is the most astonishing freak in modern human development, this enforced conditioning of scores of millions of children of oldest European lineage, and the children rising to it, loving it! Morally, mentally, physically, materially, henceforth all to be as one! No gainsaying this side of it, thus far, at any rate. The dramatic successes of the systems stick out a yard. The forward swing is terrific.

It may mean carnage; it surely will mean a slipping back of the intellect. Yet one fact prevails. A new and tremendous political invention is on the wing, dynamic moulding from the kindergarten onwards, to the sole usage of the State, each and all to be of identical pattern in action and belief, and so far there's been no holding it. The dictatorial trinity broke as violently and widely as were possible with age-old national inclinations and beliefs. They stopped nowhere, and to deny that they have wrought utter mass revolutions of attitude, right and left, with their malleable, emotional young would be foolish indeed. Just an instance. The Soviet announces that a union-wide poll of 1,000 representative children of the Pioneers—equivalent to the pick of Hitler's and Mussolini's Youth—revealed not a single case of belief in God; this, after but a few years of atheistic teaching.

But we cannot proceed much longer along this line. We must needs split up our goslings, for they are not at all of the same feather. Only in tactics and in psychological play do the Soviet Pioneers, the Italian Balilla, and the German Young Folk resemble one another. This is a point that may not yet have been sufficiently brought out. Each of the three emerged in exclusive conditions known to neither of the others. Each was of root-different racial stock. Each supported a philosophy as good as antithetical to that of the other two. Yet see the systems in action. See how they share a quartette of governing tenets:—

Each provides a specific, graduated, physical, and moral upbringing for youth, technically apart from the school.

Each is borne along nationally by the only tolerated political party.

Each seeks to make of children, for the first time, a telling force for national *moral* and for material service.

Each aims to reach all children—boys and girls—regardless of class.

Once welded however the goslings strut off down separate paths.

It may be wrong of me, but I prefer the Russian variety, godless or not. Of course the fact that the millions of little Pioneers are not so bloodthirsty as the millions of little Balillas and the millions of Hitler *Jugend* is easily explained. The Russians are "Have-Gots," with a vengeance, out for genuine self-protection. They are not even so raving, any longer, upon the rest of us going Soviet. Stalin was right and Trotsky wrong. Leave other people alone, if you would have them take notice. Concentrate on putting up the best domestic show yourself, and then stand by for approval or the other thing.

Another aspect that doesn't repel about the Pioneers is that they do not blot out girls by relegating them to cowish home-tending and booking them in mass for the maternity wards. Pioneer girls have a boy-equal chance, the equality extending to co-education. Again, is there not evidence that Soviet Youth—perhaps because it has been at it longest—is slowly becoming able to behold itself in some sort of focus? Big changes look to be occurring in respect of which it may well be that the English speaking world is unconsciously exerting an influence towards better balance in to-day's Russia.

Once upon a time, not so long ago, Russian children were perfect little horrors, sending their very parents to Siberia. That nightmare may be passing. The word now is for the Pioneer to be (a) a social service worker, (b) trained to defend his country. Nor does the arms side any longer stridently crown all, as is the case elsewhere though no one dreams of attacking. The Pioneer must furthermore be studious, neither drink nor smoke, or quarrel, in fact he and she must generally set an example to juniors and always be in the van in community work, such as harvesting. The Pioneers' daily organ, *Pioneer Pravda* (Truth) never ceases instigating new "drives," and as there are nearly 6,000,000 Pioneers, circulation appeal is strong. Now it will be a campaign to protect State property, now one for rendering elders more literate, or a third aimed at teaching elders how to spend their wages profitably on radio, reading, gramophones.

At present but one-fourth of Russia's 25,000,000 school-childen have been picked for the Pioneers, but it is planned gradually to swell these by as many again as they now count.

The Pioneers have gone completely sport-crazy. Most coveted of honours when the red-neckerchiefed gosling goes marching is a badge for being above the average in athletics, swimming, ski-ing, football, parachuting, baseball, *e patati*. Cultural merit seems yet to play second fiddle, although badges are also forthcoming for a dozen activities of the mind, even one for film appreciation. Nearly all Pioneers belong to gas-mask circles and shooting clubs—over half of the male element proudly wearing the red-flag badge denoting "sharpshooter."

In the round, one might not be far out in saying that this gosling desires nothing more than to be left severely alone and in peace while it gets a better grip on life in order to extract more from it.

German youth appears as the most starkly transfixed, this mainly arising from Teuton mysticism so well known to take on Wotan and worse. Debatable whether the Nazi goslings are as militarised as the Fascist—one rather imagines the latter to be the most sheerly bellicose of the lot. Balilla goslings have been going daft on Caesarism for so long that their system seems to be unable to assimilate a like measure of sport to Hitler's brood. True, we recognise this Nazi sport as transparent war preparation; nevertheless the Germans are good athletes, and their prowess, whatever the motive, does relieve the landscape. Another thing, Hitler doesn't collect goslings until aged ten, whereas the Duce makes his opening raid on the sixth birthday. At six, my son, you are a Son-of-the-She-Wolf.

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SOLDIERS OF TO-MORROW: Trumpeters and drummers of the Nazi Young Folk organisation, members of which are recruited at the age of ten and receive an intensive course of military and athletic training. This movement, in all its grades, is now well over 6,000,000 strong and is growing rapidly

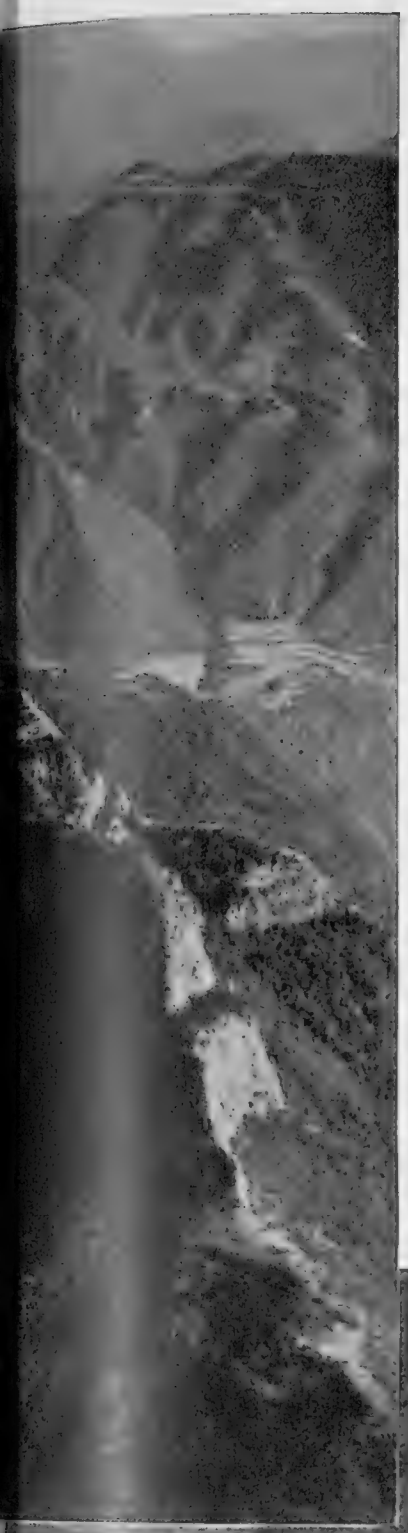
MARRIAGE IN BASUTOLAND: Native Brides and Bridegrooms in European Dress

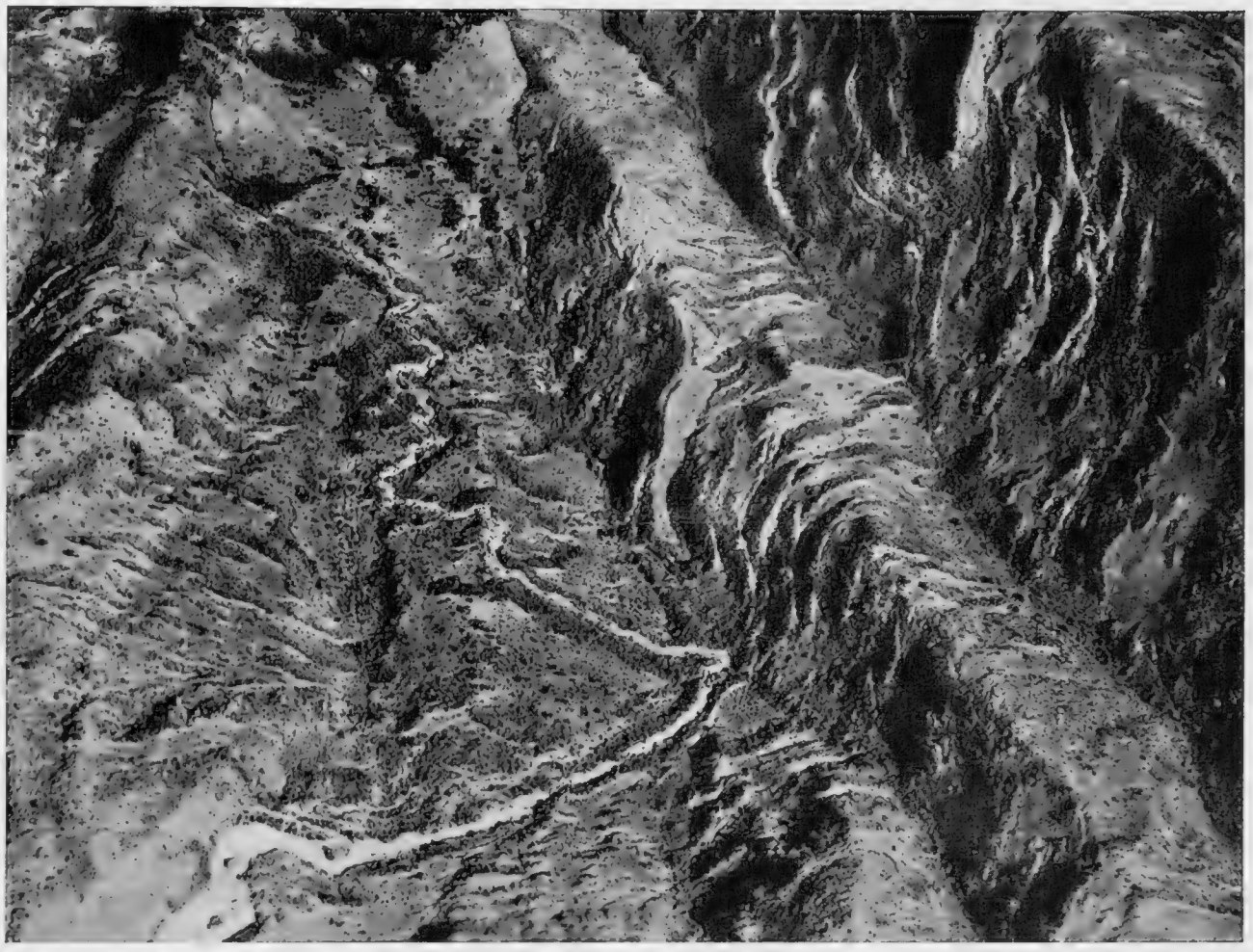
WEDDING BELLS IN A NATIVE VILLAGE: Four brides, all of whom are sisters, and four bridegrooms, all brothers, leading the procession to the church during a recent mass-marriage in Basutoland, the remote Colony under the protection of the Crown which lies on the borders of Natal, Cape Province, and the Orange Free State. The men-folk were resplendent in frock coats or black jackets while the women wore dresses of European cut and sprigs of orange blossom

THE FORMAL GROUP: The four brides and four bridegrooms posing for a picture after the wedding breakfast. Like all coloured races in South Africa, the Basutos delight in wearing European dress and on returning to the kraal after a period spent in the mines of Johannesburg or Kimberley, on the railways, or in domestic service they invariably bring with them articles of attire bought with their savings or given them by their employers. They are highly intelligent and well balanced people, and on the whole have been made more contented with their lot through the religious and secular education they have received

WITH THE ITALIAN AIR ARM IN TIGRE

Flying Over the Mountain Barriers and Deep Gorges of the Black Empire





IN THE WILDS OF NORTHERN ETHIOPIA: The pictures above and on the left give an excellent idea of the formidable nature of the country over which the Italian air squadrons have been flying during their raiding expeditions—territory consisting of mile upon mile of jagged peaks and deep gorges, offering for the most part no possible chance of a safe landing in the event of engine trouble. It is in these fastnesses that Ras Seyoum and his followers have of recent weeks been carrying on guerilla warfare with such success, defying every attempt of the Italians to push forward their line beyond Makale, and even successfully counter-attacking. *Below*—Native huts at Eddaga, an Abyssinian concentration point to the south of Makale being bombed by "La Disperata," the squadron that has done so much damage in Dessie and other centres of population

THE BIRTH OF AN EPIC: A white executive looks on while the natives assemble in a clearing for a dance—a picture taken during the shooting of the now famous film *Mutiny on the Bounty*, much of which was done on the island of Tahiti, where nearly 150 years ago Captain Bligh and his crew came in search of the breadfruit tree and where, after the long visits ashore, the men eventually revolted

WAITING TO BE CALLED: Tahitian girls who were given parts last spring, when three film companies were at work on the Island. In the crowd scenes they were each paid about ten francs a day

BETWEEN SHOTS: The islanders are of a happy-go-lucky nature, and long waits during the production of a film do not worry them in the least. There is always the guitar to while away the time

LAUNCHING A GIANT WAR DUGOUT: The Tahitians, it will be noted, wear hats for, contrary to general belief, they are as liable as whites to be affected by the sun

Filming in the South Seas

Tahiti—Where Hollywood Goes in Search of Local Colour

NOT every Tahitian has seen a movie on the screen—pennies being as scarce in the Islands as anywhere else to-day—but every native in Tahiti knows how pictures are made. For Tahiti furnishes the local-colour shots for practically all South Sea films whatever their supposed setting. Tahiti is only ten days by boat from Hollywood and has plenty of roads, motors, hotels, bars, experienced middlemen and, incidentally, Polynesians and landscape—all of which may be had more cheaply than in Hawaii.

Film making is rapidly becoming an island industry. A boat load of operators, actors, and directors is barely in sight off Cape Venus, when the "palm-tree radio" carries the news to the remotest corner of the island. That night every girl in the districts goes to bed with her long hair liberally smeared with monoi and plaited in tight braids to make it wave, and every tané sets feverishly to work getting his dugout in shape for the fray.

Last spring the monthly mail boat brought three film companies to Tahiti to make two local colour pictures and complete *Mutiny on the Bounty*. By the end of the day, anyone in Papeete could have told you to a dollar just how much each picture was to cost the producers, and everyone hoped for a chance to sign up with the *Bounty*, proud to take part in so expensive a film.

Twenty-four hours after the liner docked in Papeete, one had the impression that the whole island had gone on a picnic. The huts in the districts were deserted; not a dugout nor a fisher remained in the lagoon. The tri-weekly sing-outs in the faré hymenéraa next door to the church—chief amusement in normal times—brought together a bare handful. Even the district postman had disappeared.

Every morning at daybreak the big trucks tore over the road at top speed, loaded with dynamos, sunlights, and cameras, or singing, shouting crowds of Tahitians, crowned with flowers, and wearing the despised pareo in broad daylight. For days, the film companies were everywhere at once—out by the waterfall at Paea, on Motuuto Island in the harbour, at the sandy point at Faa, and on the beach with the big breakers at Aroué. Ten miles from Papeete, a village of twenty huts had sprung up over-night, complete with banana groves and plantations of taro and yams. A few rods from shore the *Bounty* rocked in the current from the Pass, with dugouts swarming around it like a school of fish; while every day from Papeete the middle-man issued orders like a general to the district chiefs—300 men and girls wanted to-morrow at Faa; 400 at Punaauia; 2,000 at Aroué.

To plenty of the white inhabitants, the movies proved a godsend. Dozens of "banana-tourists," as the Tahitians call the penniless foreigners, earned 50 francs a day as sailors of the "Bounty." The native Tahitians earned much less: 10 francs plus a tin of salmon or corned beef; though it was rumoured that the wily middle-man pocketed a sum fully as important for every native whose services he procured. However that may be, few Tahitians complained, for the work that was asked of them left plenty of time for guitar-playing, singing and dancing on the side-lines.

Nevertheless it was work just the same. In and on the water all day, on the beach and in the clearing among the coco-nut palms; and always in the hot sun. Few whites realise that no native enjoys bathing in salt water—he never goes into the lagoon except to fish—or that the brown man gets quite as bad a headache as his white brother when he stays for hours in the sun without a hat. Even when night came, work still went on in the white smoke of the magnesium torches: dance and songs, repeated time after time, to the rhythm of wooden rattles and drums. To be sure, the film people worked too—the "big boss" shouting himself hoarse through his megaphone, each phrase followed by an echo-like bellow from the interpreter.

After two months or so in Tahiti the *Bounty* and the two other film companies sailed away again. The two months had been distinctly profitable ones for the hotels, bars, middlemen, merchants, and girls about town. As for the Tahitian, he had learned to say "O.K." and "Shoot" and to wear a long red bandana trailing from his hip pocket in the best Hollywood manner. From a purely material point of view his situation was unchanged. He had eaten the tins of salmon and corned beef, and his ten francs a day had passed into the till of the Chinese merchant.

Ida Treat

ITALY'S G.P.O. STRIKES AN ULTRA MODERN NOTE: A Post Office in Rome which has recently been completed and will shortly be open to the public. It is only one of a host of new buildings erected in the City during the past eighteen months

A Week in Besieged Italy

How the Country Has Reacted to Sanctions—A Personal Record of a Recent Visit

IF ANYONE imagines that "sanctions" are bending Italy or that they have stopped, changed, or contracted its normal life, let him take his train—as I did ten days ago and spend a week on the Peninsula. Not only life goes on just as before and people are carrying on just as they did six months ago, not only is food plentiful and cheap, not only are trains running at scheduled times and even excessively heated, not only hotels have still hot water and hot radiators in their rooms, but Italy has seldom appeared more confident, more united, and more hopeful than to-day. Instead of a skeleton traffic, empty markets, deserted cafés, inactive yards, I found the streets of Rome full with private cars and motor buses, the market glutted with fresh and cheap food, cafés well patronised and building yards bristling with activity such as few towns in the world could boast.

Most of the food is cheaper to-day than in "pre-sanctions" days. Tangerines, lemons, cheese, and wines are no longer sent abroad; they are eagerly bought and consumed by the Italians. I paid 3d. for twenty tangerines, 2d. for five lemons. Chickens and turkeys—once almost exclusively reared for British and French consumption—are now finding their way to the Italian tables in large quantities. "Meatless" days twice a week make an agreeable change, for "meat" does not include lamb, rabbits, chickens and game, which are plentiful. Fish has never been more abundant. For a long time Italy has been buying most of her fish abroad; thousands of tons of dry cod used to come from Newfoundland; over £35,000 of salted pilchards came from Cornwall. "Sanctions" have stopped all foreign purchases; there are enough cod, pilchard, and sardines in the Italian waters to feed twice the population of Italy. Without "sanctions" the fishermen of Italy were threatened with unemployment; "sanctions" have given them work for the rest of their days.

Wool is being substituted to a large extent by an artificial product of caseine which may eventually kill real wool as rayon killed real silk. Cotton is being grown in large quantities in Southern Italy. Silk production has been doubled, and silk is largely used for payments to "non-sanctionist" countries instead of gold. Lubricating oil is mainly supplied by Italian-produced castor oil.

Old mines have been reopened all over the country to extract whatever ore they may still have. Iron, copper, zinc, and even nickel are being found, of which the existence had been completely forgotten. Near Rome a whole mountain has been discovered made of iron ore deposited twenty centuries ago by the early Romans who ignored modern methods of cheap melting. Not far from Florence extensive fields of peat have been discovered sufficient to replace thousands of tons of coal.

"We never knew we were so rich," says a popular song which every Italian has learned by heart. Gifts of gold, silver, copper, and other metals continue with unabated enthusiasm. Every morning one or two fully-loaded goods trains leave the San Lorenzo Station for Terni—the Sheffield of Italy—carrying free gifts of metal refuse to be melted and transformed into guns and ammunitions.

"Italy cannot be strangled," echoes the song. There seems to be plenty of money in the country. Silver coins of five and ten lire are still circulating freely; there has been no hoarding. There will be no hoarding, for nobody in Italy doubts what the outcome will be. "This will be the war of the poor" has warned Mussolini, and he has seen to it that no "Abyssinian millionaire" springs up from the war. "We must carry on as before," he has added, and he has set out to give the first example. Enormous amounts of money are still being spent by the Government for public works, notwithstanding "sanctions" and the war. New buildings of all kinds are springing up all over Italy from one end to another.

I was present when Signor Mussolini laid the first stone of the new City of Tuscolania—the future Hollywood of Italy. "Our films must travel the world"—said the Duce. Millions of lire have been sent abroad every year to amuse the public; this waste must now be stopped. Within a year

(Continued on page 352)

UNIVERSITY CITY: Rome's vast new block of modern scholastic buildings which has been erected at a cost of nearly £3,000,000 and stands in a district that was once notorious for its slum dwellings. There is accommodation there for about 4,000 students, who come from all parts of the country

SPLENDOUR IN EMBRYO: A plastic model of the series of buildings for Rome City Council which are to be put up on the same spot near the banks of the Tiber where the municipal offices stood twenty centuries ago. In spite of the fact that Italy is engaged in a costly war, a sum of £2,000,000 has been allocated for this work and the plans have already been approved by Signor Mussolini

FOUNDING A FILM CITY: Workmen acclaiming Signor Mussolini after he had laid the foundation stone of the film city of Tuscolania, which is to be dedicated entirely to the production of pictures, the Duce having decided that Italy must assert herself in this field of activity

CANINE PERSONALITIES AT CRUFT'S: Mrs. E. K. Staines' Abbots Pass Asa *(left)*, a notable St. Bernard prizewinner, and Mr. J. H. S. Burton's Lodge Jester *(right)*, a fine example of a Welsh springer spaniel, which were among the 4,388 dogs at the famous show which was opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Wednesday of last week. It was the golden jubilee of the event, and Mr. Charles Cruft, its eighty-six-year-old founder, was showered with congratulations from his countless friends and admirers. This year the number of entries constituted a record, and altogether there were 2¼ miles of benching and thirty-six judging rings where nearly ninety different breeds were on view

ARISTOCRATS OF THE DOG WORLD: *Left*—Mme J. H. Trois-Fontaines' magnificent Pyrenean mountain dog, "Kop de Careil," was another interesting entry at Cruft's. It is 7 ft. long and weighs between 8 and 9 stones. *Right*—An exhibitor with her Samoyeds, a breed that has fully maintained its popularity

Left—"FRITZ OF LEITH HILL": One of Mrs. Cecil Sprigge's German boxers which were well represented. *Right*—Dumfriesshire otter hounds arriving at the Agricultural Hall on the opening day

AUSTRALIA'S ONLY NATIVE CANINE: Two pure-bred warrigals or dingoes at Tauranga Park, the famous Sydney Zoo

The Wily Dingo

The Savage but Intelligent Destroyers of Flocks

THE warrigal, better known perhaps as the dingo, although a pest and a menace, is a most interesting creature. Strictly speaking, it is the world's only true wild dog, and is one of the most ancient of the native forms. In Victoria fossil dingo remains have been found covered with over 60 ft. of blue and yellow clay, below another 60 ft. of volcanic ashes, preserved in Pliocene deposits. From this evidence it may be deduced that the dingo probably roamed the vast outback of Australia when strange, marsupial monsters were still extant. One eminent authority maintains that the dingo reached Australia as the hunting dog of the first aborigines.

The pure-bred dingo is orange-brown in colour, usually with white feet and tail-tip and with dark brown markings round belly, legs, and head. It must be borne in mind that the full-blooded variety is now comparatively rare, the result of breeding with the domestic dog being a race of brindle-coloured hybrids. Not long ago a trapper, bringing in his scalps, had his tally reduced by one scalp which was thrown aside. It was the only pure-bred dingo scalp in the bunch. The price paid for scalps is about 7s. 6d. each.

The dingo shows just as much intelligence in shepherding as the domestic dog trained to the work; in fact the dingo can show him points. These wily destroyers of flocks will quietly shepherd sheep into a corner, deliberately make choice of the quarry, and let the rest go. The half-bred dingo will maul a dozen sheep and leave them there.

Here is a true story of how dingoes trap wallabies.

About eleven miles from Bega, South Coast (N.S.W.) there is a great wall of rock running along a mountain range, known as the Nambugga Walls.

There is only one narrow passage up to the top of these Walls, and this passage proves a trap for the wallabies that abound in the scrub. A dingo takes up a position on top of the Walls and howls to his mates in the dense scrub below. The dingoes spread out below and drive the wallabies towards the Walls; the quarry know there is only one avenue of escape and they make for it. Certain death awaits them.

The wily dingoes signal to each other and when the wallabies are in the passage they close in on them. Some are killed by the hungry savage brutes but many of the wallabies prefer suicide and leap to death over the wall of rock. Having had their fill the dingoes return to the scrub at the foot of the Walls to collect the carcases of the suicides. This country is almost inaccessible, so the dingoes have a haven away from the fear of anyone or anything.

The domestic dog is no match for the dingo as a fighter.

Recently on a Western Australian station a dingo killed three big station dogs.

A female dingo will attack a female domestic dog on sight, but the male domestic dog she quite frequently entices away, very often killing him after breeding. Dingoes are by no means the nervous creatures they are often pictured. These animals in drought time will follow a man, and they are more dangerous than wolves.

In the Inverell District which is quite settled country, in the great 1900 drought men were attacked by dingoes, and at night time there were many instances of attacks by mobs of red-eyed brutes which could only be kept at a safe distance by a rifle.

They used to slink from bush to bush and rock to rock, and, like the wolf, when one of their number was killed by a shot there was very soon nothing left.

War is constantly waged against this menace in Australia, but the dingo is cautious and intelligent and tests the ingenuity of man to trap or poison him. The warrigal mother hides her pups well, their lair, wherever it is, invariably being provided with a good back door get-away.

Some dingoes on account of their cunning achieve district-wide fame, and resist steel traps, decoys and every other device. Recently out near Cunnamulla a dingo did much damage and evaded all attempts at capture. A station owner riding home found six dead sheep in a paddock. He went to the sheds and returned with a spade, a long-handled knife, and some poison. He buried five of the sheep; the sixth, without touching the carcase, he cut in the shoulder and hind leg and dropped in some poison. That night he yarded the flock in the home paddocks and next morning found dead in the paddock the biggest dingo he had ever seen.

E. S.

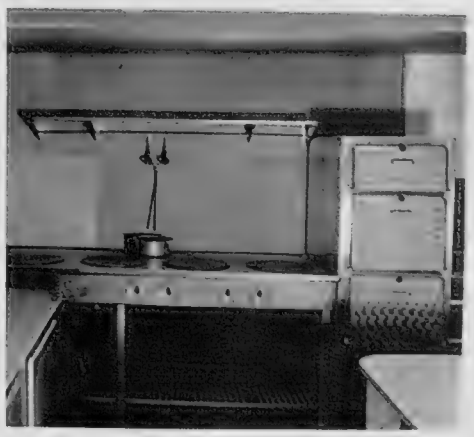
THE "HINDENBURG" NEARS COMPLETION AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN

Germany's Giant New Zeppelin which is Shortly to Make its Maiden Flight Across the Atlantic

BUILDING ON THE ENVELOPE: Men at work on giant step-ladders in the vast hangar at Friedrichshafen, Lake Constance, where the finishing touches are being put to the *Hindenburg* (known during building as the LZ 129) the airship which is very nearly twice the size of the famous *Graf Zeppelin*

AT WORK ON THE GONDOLA OF THE "HINDENBURG": Another picture taken during the closing stages of construction in the hangar at Friedrichshafen

WHEN in 1930 the R 101 crashed against the hillside at Beauvais on her flight to India, England abandoned her interest in dirigibles, and Germany is now the only country that has really retained her belief in this type of craft. The *Hindenburg* is the latest proof of her confidence in this direction, and in every way it is said to be a tremendous improvement on the *Graf Zeppelin*, which, piloted by that aeronautical genius, von Eckener, has of recent years crossed and re-crossed the ocean with such amazing regularity. Particular attention has been paid to the minimising of fire risk in the *Hindenburg*, and non-inflammable helium is to be the lifting gas, while heavy oil, instead of petrol, is to be the fuel



THE ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHEN where meals will be cooked for about fifty passengers

IN TURKEY'S NEW CAPITAL

A RELIC OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION: The famous Marmor Ancyranum inscription, in the temple of Augustus Caesar at Ankara, which is really a biography of the great Emperor in that it records in detail his conquests, his deeds, and the towns and monuments he built. It also mentions how he caused "all the world to be taxed, everyone in his own city"—the edict that brought Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem on the eve of Christ's birth. *On right*—A view of the main entrance to the temple

ANKARA, Turkey's new capital, on the Anatolian plateau in Asia Minor can claim to be the newest of the world's capitals, while at the same time she is amongst the oldest of cities. To-day Ankara is a modern and flourishing metropolis, possessing all the amenities of a go-ahead western city. Her public buildings with their modernistic architecture, her spacious and well-lit thoroughfares, her squares and gardens, statues and monuments, and well-groomed citizens are a revelation to the visitor.

The wonder of modern Ankara is its phenomenal growth. It was only after the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, just over a decade ago, that Mustafa Kemal transferred the capital from Constantinople (Istanbul) to Angora, now known as Ankara. By a law promulgated some eight months ago making "family" names obligatory throughout Turkey, Mustafa Kemal has gone under the name of Kemal Ataturk. More often, however, he is alluded to by the citizens of the new capital as Gazi, which means "the victorious," on account of his victories over the Greeks.

At the time of the transfer of the capital Angora was little more than a sleepy, half-forgotten old-world town of narrow, ill-kept streets and slovenly dwellings, primitive and backward. It was chiefly famous for its goats, its rabbits, and its cats. The long, fleecy white wool of the Angora goat is still in demand and large herds of these creatures are still reared on the adjoining plains. But the rabbits and cats, famed for their exceedingly fluffy pelts are now very rare, and an Angora cat is said to be worth £100. But Angora has had every reason to be proud of her unique strategical position and her past history, many of her inhabitants being lineal descendants from the Hittites and Phrygians, as well as the later Gallic invaders.

A RESIDENTIAL VILLA IN A MODERN SUBURB OF ANKARA: A building that typifies the amazing growth of the new Turkish capital which in a few short years has changed from a sleepy, half-forgotten, old-world town of narrow ill-kept streets to a highly flourishing centre possessing many of the amenities of the West

No one knows how old Angora is. Its site may have been occupied before the days of the Hittites, since its physical conditions would meet the requirements of primitive people better than those of almost any other locality in Asia Minor. It stands on a volcanic hill which rises some 500 ft. above a small but rich valley, and has two almost precipitous sides. It is, moreover, almost completely surrounded with streams of water which form the most easterly branches of the Sakaria. When first it appears in history it was an important Phrygian town, on the ancient road to Boghaz Keui with the name of Ancyra, a Greek word for anchor. Since then it has passed through as many changes of fortune as any town in Asia Minor; it fell into the hands of Alexander the Great, it was one of the capitals of the Gauls, and finally became part of the Roman Empire. Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, Chrosroes the Persian, and Haroun al-Raschid as well as Crusaders have successively dominated it.

Ruined temples, broken columns aud capitals bespeak Ankara's former glories. Perhaps the most famous of these ruins is the temple dedicated to Augustus Caesar, containing the famous Marmor Ancyranum inscription, unique in that it is an official biography of Augustus himself. It records his conquests, his deeds, the cities he built and mentions among other things the decree referred to in the New Testament when he caused "all the world to be taxed, everyone in his own city." As a result of this census Joseph and Mary journeyed from Nazareth to Bethlehem, where Christ was born.

There is little doubt that the Gazi was led to select Ankara as the new capital owing to its unique strategical situation in the heart of Asia Minor. It is inaccessible except to long-distance aeroplanes. It lies some 230 miles south-east of Istanbul, and is to-day reached by rail in about ten hours, the distance by rail being about 300 miles. Ankara provided the Gazi with a strong and secluded base, which was in part responsible for securing his victories over the Greeks. Thus Ankara is especially dear to all Turks who associate themselves with the growth of Kemalism.

The old town still remains nestling upon the slopes of a precipitous hill crowned by the picturesque castles of the Seljukian monarchs of Turkey, the citadel itself rising

(Continued on facing page)

TURKEY'S NEW CAPITAL

(*Continued from preceding page*)

INSPIRATION OF A PEOPLE: The monument of Public Security which was recently unveiled by the Turkish President in Emniyet Park, a small but beautifully laid out public garden in the heart of the new quarter of Ankara. It bears an inscription signifying "Look to your welfare, work, and have confidence in yourself"

some 3,000 ft. above sea level. Upon the adjoining heights, however, there has arisen an entirely new city, the new capital, the combined population of Ankara to-day numbering about 85,000. What surprises the visitor to Ankara are the smart appearance of its citizens, its spacious boulevards, fine public buildings, and the note of modernity which dominates the entire city, so distinctly foreign to old Turkey. The fez as a headgear has entirely disappeared. Indeed, it is not even seen in the smaller towns of Turkey, not even in the outlying villages. The women have discarded the veil. It is hardly ever seen to-day in Ankara and encountered only in the remoter parts of the Republic. For the most part the men wear well-cut suits, shirts of Brusa silk and neat bow ties. The women have adopted skirts and follow the fashions of their sisters of the West.

In the Government offices men and women work side by side. Many of the women secretaries hold important positions, the more remarkable when it is remembered that their emancipation and freedom to vote were only granted in December 1934. Many of them were trained in the National University in Istanbul. Some of them can speak three or four languages fluently, and sometimes appear on the political platform, or as hostesses at the People's Party receptions held at the Halkevi.

The Halkevi, or People's Palace, is a sort of national club, with its information bureau, library, restaurants, rooms for study and conversation, and saloons given over to a display of the work of native craftsmen, the articles shown being well worthy an inspection. There are suites of rooms for distinguished guests, and it was here that the Shah of Persia stayed during his recent visit to Turkey. The Halkevi, a large and an attractive edifice, was designed when Ankara was first chosen as the new capital, hence the building has not that modernist touch which is characteristic of the later structures.

To many this very latest style of architecture may seem to be a little out of place when one remembers that Ankara is the capital of an agricultural nation. Nevertheless, everything is being done to encourage a national agriculturist consciousness. Within a short distance of the city, at Cliflik, the Gazi has laid out a model farm, so designed as to fire the ambitions of the peasant farmer and his field-worker wife. Every encouragement is given to the farmers to visit it in the way of cheap transport and other conveniences. Here the latest labour-saving devices may be seen in operation, various breeds of cattle and poultry inspected. Cereals, vegetables and fruits are cultivated, and afforestation is also being carried out. In the neighbourhood of the farm 1,000,000 trees have been planted. One of the attractions of the place is a large lake used throughout the summer as a bathing-pool.

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MANNER: A new office building in the centre of the city

Last autumn the first all-Turkish agricultural show was held in the new Sergieva Exhibition Hall, a handsome and distinctly modernist type of building with a graceful tower. Exhibits in the way of cereals, tobacco, cotton, vegetables and fruits, as well as farm and poultry produce were shown, received from all parts of the Republic. It was evidence of the awakening of the people to the agricultural possibilities of their country. As recently as 1929 Turkey was importing all the sugar she needed. To-day, as the result of the attention paid to the cultivation of the beet she has become self-sufficient as far as sugar is concerned. Special attention is also being paid to cotton and tobacco and to the cultivation of certain fruits. Coal mines have been opened and quarries started. In connection with all these developments many factories have been established. In a word, the country is rapidly being developed on western lines.

GARDEN TOPOGRAPHY: This pool on Kemal Ataturk's estate in the hills above Ankara has been built to resemble in outline the sea of Marmara, and the concrete posts standing out of the water represent such islands as Marmara, Aloni, and Kutali

This westernisation of the country is particularly noticeable in a stroll through the streets of Ankara. What was so characteristic of Turkish cities—street vendors and native craftsmen toiling at their vocations in tiny booths open to the street—have gone. Modern shops and delivery vans have taken their place. Vegetables are no longer hawked from door to door. The mule or donkey, laden with two large panniers, is confined to side streets and lesser thoroughfares. Even the shoeblacks have forsaken the street corners, and to-day rent little booths equipped with perhaps half-a-dozen chairs and footrests for their clients. Newspaper-sellers are not encouraged, and one has to obtain his daily or evening paper from the kiosks.

On the Gazi Boulevard, in Yeni-Shehir, which means "new section," are situated the various Government offices and also the foreign Embassies. The Ministries of the Interior, Public Works, and Foreign Affairs are hives of bureaucratic industry. Of the foreign Legations Russia was the first to build. Indeed hers is probably the first cubist-style embassy ever to be built.

Here and there in Turkey's new capital are gaps, but they are being filled in. Close by the railway station a great stadium is now in course of erection. It should be finished during the coming summer. In design it will resemble the great arenas of Rome and Turin. It is to occupy 100,000 square metres of space and is expected to cost £500,000. The new stadium is to be the meeting-place of Turkish youth and of athletic teams from all parts of the country. The central position of the capital gives greater opportunity than would Istanbul for convening large meetings, whether for sport, political, or social purposes.

THE MAKER OF MODERN TURKEY: The striking 60-ft. equestrian bronze statue of Kemal Ataturk which stands in a square between the old and new quarters of Ankara. He became president and virtual dictator of the Republic in 1923, and in the years since then he has exalted the national energy by far-reaching reforms and created a powerful nation from the disintegrated, heartbroken, and practically anarchist State which accepted the humiliating treaty of Sèvres

When Turkey decided to estabish a new capital in the heart of Asia Minor many doubted the wisdom of the step. Prestige and tradition may have suffered, but, as it has turned out, only temporarily. What was needed was a strategic and central rallying point in the heart of the country. Ankara fulfilled those needs. She is in direct railway communication not only with Istanbul, on the Bosphorus, but also with the ports on the Black Sea and those on the Mediterranean. True, Istanbul has suffered, but she is still a great port and a city of historic interest. Turkey is undoubtedly much healthier and stronger, more virile and stable, as a result of the change.

H. J. Shepstone

ANKARA THE

Scenes in Turkey's

IN THE OLD QUARTER: An unmade road is now a rare sight in Ankara, and in a few years' time—such is the speed of the modernising process—little or nothing will be left to remind citizens of the dilapidated township of the days before the coming of Ataturk, when lethargy was the most prominent characteristic of the people

THE FOCAL POINT OF THE CITY: A busy scene on the main square of Ankara, showing in the centre the statue of the Dictator-President. Most of the people

HIGHWAY HYGIENE: A modern water "cart" in operation on the well-paved streets during the summer months when dust is liable to blow in from the surrounding plains. In matters of purely civic importance such as this Kemal Ataturk is just as diligent as in affairs of national concern, and it is his attention to every minute detail of administration that, in large measure, accounts for his remarkable success as a reformer

MARKET DAY IN THE CAPITAL: Peasant folk who come into Ankara to buy and sell produce and who represent the "old order" that still finds difficulty in keeping pace with the momentous changes wrought by their

UP TO DATE

ist-Growing Capital

estival day in nt equestrian epicted here

are of the poorer classes, but nearly all wear Western dress and the fez as a headgear has disappeared and is now not seen even in the smaller towns. *Above on right*—The Parliament building and Ethnographical Museum

On right—SYMBOL OF THE NEW TURKEY: The six spears which are the insignia of the People's Party, displayed on a street hoarding. Note the well-dressed man on the left

ome esent pace ader

THE PASSING

The Once Famous Strong Massacre of Glencoe and the Necessities

Drawings by Percy Home

A LAST VISION OF THE OLD GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, FORT WILLIAM: This remnant of the numerous buildings within the ramparts of the fortress is now vanishing before the pressure of modern necessity. The old house had been divided into tenements during recent times, but at the turn of the year, the occupants had left and the building stood gaunt and grim above the waters of Loch Eil, awaiting its doom

THE last remnants of the old fort which gave the name to Fort William, the flourishing town at the head of Loch Linnhe, so well known to all tourists in Scotland, will soon have vanished from sight. The necessities of the West Highland Railway demand further space, and as the fort has long been the property of the railway, the remaining outer walls and the governor's house are doomed to destruction.

It was in Cromwell's time that the first fortress was erected on the seashore under Ben Nevis. General Monk, then in command of the Roundhead army in Scotland, decided that a fort situated in the midst of the warlike clans, would have a salutary effect. Built upon a piece of land jutting out into the sea it could be relieved by ships if attacked on the land side, and the wisdom of its choice was justified.

Though attacked by the Highlanders at various times, the garrison was always able to stand firm. After the restoration of Charles II the fortress was not much needed, as the clans were loyal to the Stuarts, and it fell into disrepair. When the Highlands rose to defend the cause of James II against William III, the Government decided that the fort must be re-established, and money was granted for the purpose. Monk's walls were levelled, and a new fortress arose which received the name of Fort William, after the reigning monarch. At that time there was no town along the loch side, but a village soon arose to supply the needs of the garrison, and this was at first known as Maryborough, in honour of Queen Mary II, the wife of King William.

Within two years of its construction the fortress was to play a minor part in the dastardly crime of the Massacre of Glencoe. The Highland chiefs had been ordered to take the oath of allegiance to King William by a certain date — December 31, 1691 — and though many had lingered as long as they dared, all of them, with one exception, had bowed to the necessity. Macdonald of Glencoe was very reluctant to yield, but finding that all the other clans had given way, he marched into Fort William and up to the Governor's house to take the oath. Colonel Hill, as a soldier, was not able to receive the oath, and told Macdonald he must go to the nearest Sheriff, away at Inverary. As he was a kindly man, unwilling to bring the old chieftain into trouble he gave him a letter to the Sheriff asking him to receive the "lost sheep" and accept the oath, though it was after the specified date. The awful tragedy of Glencoe is well known, and with it Fort William was only concerned by having to send, under military orders, a troop of 400 men to assist those who had started the massacre.

In 1715 Fort William received its first serious attack, when the Jacobite clans, led by General Gordon, fighting under the Earl of Mar, who had raised the standard of the Old Pretender, James VIII, tried to seize the fort. In spite of the courage of the Highlanders, the garrison was able to beat off the assault and the clansmen retreated.

An interesting account was written of Fort William by an engineer officer, working for Marshal Wade in the construction of the Highland roads in 1724. "It stands in a most barren rocky country, and is washed on one of the faces of the fortification by a navigable arm of the sea. It is almost surrounded on the land sides with rivers not far distant from it, which though but small, are often impassible from their depth and rapidity, and lastly, it is near the foot of an exceedingly high mountain, called Benevis . . ." He goes on to say that the houses of the village of Maryborough were not allowed to be built of stone, but were ordered to be of "timber, boards, and turf. This was ordained to the end they might the more suddenly be burnt, or otherwise destroyed by order of the governor, to prevent any lodgment of the enemy."

This unfortunately was carried out during the "Forty-Five," when the governor became alarmed at

SUNSET FROM FORT WILLIAM'S RAMPARTS: A camera study taken from the point on which the old fortress stood, looking southwards towards the Corran Narrows, or as it appears on the old semi-bird's-eye view given here, the "Currant of Ardgour"

BENEATH THE RAMPARTS OF FORT WILLIAM: A drawing made recently from the northern end of the point. The modern town of Fort William appears in the middle distance. So strong was the fort's position that from these ramparts the garrison was, on several occasions, able to repulse determined attacks by the Highlanders

UNDER THE FOOTHILLS OF BEN NEVIS: A few weeks ago, when this drawing was made, this N.E. angle of the outer ramparts still frowned over the river which was rushing rapidly towards the loch, a designation the English commentator on one of the charts here reproduced objects to because this stretch of water connected with the sea

# of FORT WILLIAM

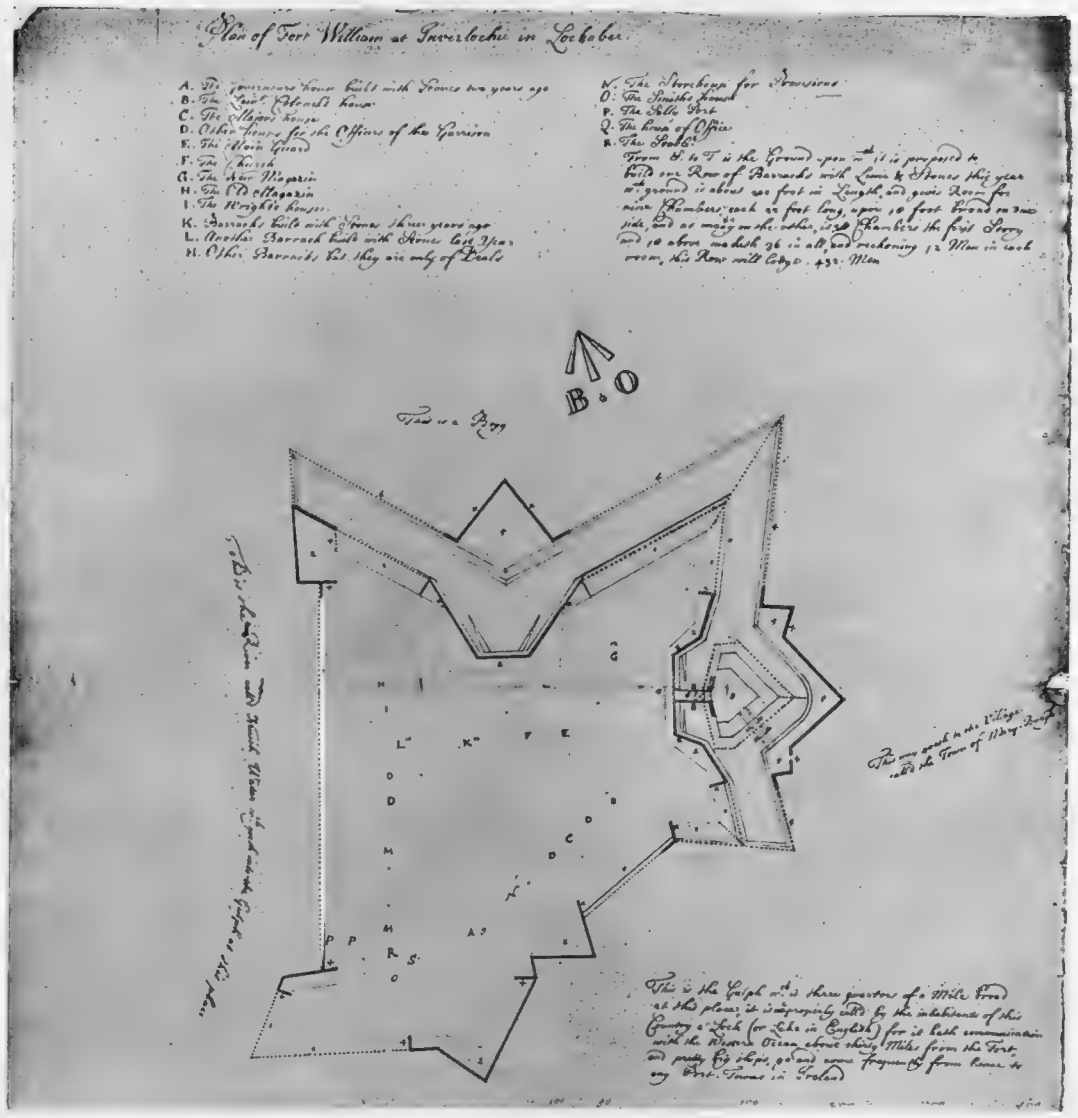
hold Linked Historically with the the Rising of '45 Vanishes Before of Modern Transport

the news of the approach of the Jacobites, and in consequence ordered the destruction of Maryburgh. For a month the fort endured a hot siege, being fired at by guns placed on neighbouring heights till they were dislodged by some naval ships who fired their big guns. The Highlanders eventually retreated, giving up the siege, but not before they had done considerable damage to the fort, beating down the barracks so "that there were not six panes of glass remaining in the windows." The Duke of Cumberland, after the victory of Culloden, and the final break up of Prince Charlie's army, paid a visit to Fort William to congratulate the governor and garrison on their stout resistance. He received entertainment in the governor's house, and then inspected the fort.

As the Highlands grew more and more settled, the fort grew to be unnecessary, though it remained garrisoned until 1860. The present-day Fort William, the one-time Maryburgh, has grown and prospered, particularly since the advent of the West Highland Railway, but the famous old fort, which has echoed to the sounds of Highland war cries, which saw the rugged old chieftain Macdonald of Glencoe come marching in to tender his reluctant oath, and which entertained the conqueror of Prince Charles Edward, will soon be obliterated.

Part of the outer walls and the governor's house have stood for many years at the loch-side end of the railway in a somewhat forlorn condition, but now the exigencies of railway traffic apparently demand their complete removal.

B. H.



FORT WILLIAM IN ITS PRIME: This plan, reproduced by courtesy of the West Highland Museum, was made just when the barrack accommodation was being completed by the erection of buildings in stone in place of the wooden ones which had previously existed. The notes at the sides are not without interest. The one on the left states that "this is the River call'd Neuish Water which goeth into the Gulph at this place"

A SEMI-BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT WILLIAM AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY OF LOCHABER: The relative positions of the features of the district are approximately correct, but the mountains are suggested in a very naive manner, looking like the segments of oranges arranged round the central feature of the fort. The spelling of certain names differs widely from modern usage. Loch Eil appears as Lough Heail, while Ballachulish appears as Belliewhilis, and the famous glen appears as Glen Coo

From the West Highland Museum collection

DRAMA:

A Serious and Sincere Play at the Ambassadors: An Ambitious Ballet at Sadler's Wells

By PHILIP PAGE

WITH a strictly limited knowledge of eye-specialists and their ways (as distinct from I-specialists who bound and abound at every theatrical *première*) I am unable to enter fully into the medical aspect of *Out of the Dark*, a serious and sincere play I have just seen at the Ambassadors Theatre.

Granted that a middle-aged man, blind from birth, can be made to see. Granted, too, that he can of his own free will (whether he would ever will such a course is another matter) destroy his newly-found sight by snatching off his coloured spectacles and standing in the full glare of the sun. I do, however, jib at the third stage—the man thinking that, after all, he would prefer to see, and arranging to undergo yet another operation in order to regain his sight. That brought what I thought was going to be a fine play rather near the ludicrous and near the monotonous, too. For there seemed to be no reason why it should have ended where it did, and why the process of regaining sight, going blind, seeing again, and going blind again should not have continued indefinitely, or at least until the patient's optic nerve, to say nothing of the nerves of the audience, gave out.

So much—and it has been but little, though worth the hinting at—for matters physical. What of the man's motives, and the motives of those associated with him?

The blind man was a novelist. His wife was a famous actress who, at the moment she was electrifying London with her dramatic triumphs, decided to retire from the stage, live in a small house in the country and devote herself to working for her husband as a sort of adoring valet, arranging the furniture so that he could feel and fumble his way in safety from room to room. Now plenty of famous actresses have kind hearts and a capacity for self-sacrifice at least equal to that of many who are neither famous nor actresses. But would any one of them fall in love with, marry, and throw up a pleasant and lucrative career for a blind man who had never seen (which is quite a different matter from lightening, in all duty and faithfulness, the burden of a beloved husband who has gone blind)? Frankly, I do not think so.

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO": Countess Almaviva (Joan Cross) and Susanna (Audrey Mildmay) in an episode from Mozart's comic opera which has been revived at Sadler's Wells and the settings for which are the work of that talented artist Rex Whistler. *On left*—TROUBLE IN THE COUNT'S CASTLE: A scene from the first act

The husband's name was Derek, and little by little he became disillusioned with the world as he saw it after his miraculous operation. He saw hard and evil lines on human faces which he had imagined to be gentle and beautiful. As he can have had no more real conception of a human face than of colour itself to prompt his imagination in the years of his blindness, it is difficult to see how he could have been disillusioned. He was disgusted with the existence of slums, of capitalism in its grosser phases, of little children ill-clad. Yet he must have been aware of all this before his cure.

He hated his immoral and mean-souled sister-in-law, who drank too many cocktails, flaunted her lover, even in her bedroom, before her child, and, oddest trick of all, wandered about in a thunderstorm in an evening gown of gold *lamé*. But he had known the woman for years, and, as an intelligent man and a novelist (the terms are not necessarily synonymous) must have known all about her.

As an idealist Derek would, I think, having looked upon the world and seen that it was bad, have done what he could to make it better, which he would have been better fitted to do with his eyes open. No man, in 1936 and his senses, blinds himself out of pique or disgust or for any other motive. And I go so far as to say that no man, having regained his sight, would ever choose darkness again.

If I have analysed *Out of the Dark* at considerable length, it is because it is worth the analysis. The author, Mr. Ingram D'Abbes, has gone wrong with his theme and I have sought to show why and how. None the less, it is an absorbing theme and his treatment is honest and, in places, rather beautiful. The first act, with its suspense and its genuine dramatic quality, is a fine piece of work.

Mr. Henry Oscar played Derek with pathetic realism which was never overdone—a most artistic performance. Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies had little to do beyond fluttering around devotedly as his wife, but did it perfectly.

IN HER MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS: Pamela Gordon, the attractive seventeen-year-old daughter of Gertrude Lawrence, who is making her stage début in Cochran's *Follow the Sun*, which is playing to packed houses at the Adelphi. Sara Churchill, daughter of Winston Churchill, is also in the show and understudies Claire Luce

On right—LONDON'S LONGEST RUN NEARS ITS END: Robert Harris and Celia Johnson (who left the cast some time ago) in *The Wind and the Rain*, the immensely popular drama of student life which closes to-day (Saturday) at the Savoy Theatre with its 992nd performance, and will celebrate its 1,000th performance at Golders Green Hippodrome next week

"Apparitions." — "I've got a little Liszt," Mr. Constant Lambert, some distance after the *Mikado*, must have announced one day to the powers of Sadler's Wells, and the result has been *Apparitions*, a new and most ambitious ballet.

I have always considered Liszt an under-rated composer, and I am grateful to Mr. Lambert for bringing into the limelight and arranging some of Liszt's music, which, frankly, is quite new to me. For a ballet set, as this is, in the romantic period, it is ideal. The impression conveyed is a nightmare combination of Lord Byron in his less pleasant aspects and the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz. Madness, dope, lovely women, death, a dance of evil beings in a grotto—like the small boys in my early youth the Romantics always ask us "Please to remember the grotto"—and a funeral *cortège* pass before our eyes "in exquisite progression, well-ordained," thanks to the brilliant choreography of clever young Mr. Frederick Ashton.

A good ballet and a very clever one, even if it was on the long side and I, for one, welcomed the next item on the programme—good healthy old Handel, so clean and so gay and so lovely, arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham to form that cheery ballet in miniature, *The Gods Go a-Begging*.

Miss Margot Fonteyn and Miss Pearl Argyle danced deliciously. It was only in a Tchaikowsky *pas de deux* that one sighed for the Russians.

"No Exit."—In the distant days of Sherlock Holmes it was the detective who thoughtfully smoked a pipe as he unravelled crimes. In *No Exit*, now transferred to St. Martin's Theatre, it is the hero.

Mr. Robert Douglas makes an attractive hero, pipe and all and, what is even more important, is an uncommonly good actor, so good that he can make this "thriller" almost credible. When he let himself go emotionally over the body of his best friend, whom he thought he had killed, the piece became for the moment first-rate melodrama.

The idea on which it is based, however, seems no less silly in Seven Dials than it did at Swiss Cottage. If two men agree, for the sake of a bet, to let the one pretend to have murdered the other and to conceal the body for a month, they would surely, when they found relations and a loved and loving girl mightily distressed, and a detective hot on the trail, chuck the whole asinine idea instead of working themselves up into a high pitch of worry.

The two went out with guns in the twilight to shoot a hare, and when one man was killed the other put his body in the well instead of going to the amiable detective and telling the truth. The *deus ex machina* is a jealous and murderous husband, in the person of Mr. Edward Ashley, who has my sympathy as well as my congratulations on having tackled a ludicrous scene so efficiently.

Mr. Cyril Raymond made the detective (Old Carthusian) pleasant and amusing, and Miss Gillian Lind had little to do beyond looking prettily pathetic.

On STAGE and SCREEN

Some Current Productions

DRAMA AND COURTSHIP ON THE HIGH SEAS: Ida Lupino, the lovely daughter of Stanley Lupino, and Arthur Treacher in the Paramount film, *Anything Goes*, in which the former has one of the largest parts given her since she has been in Hollywood. The picture has an Atlantic liner as its setting and a very strong cast includes Bing Crosby and Charles Ruggles. It began its run at the Plaza

LONDON'S LATEST PICTURE HOUSE: Eleanore Whitney and Robert Cummings who have leading parts in *Millions in the Air*, the film which was shown at the opening of the new Paramount Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on Monday of last week, when the proceeds of the first presentation were devoted to the University College Hospital Extension Fund. John Howard heads the cast

FROM AN ENGLISH STUDIO: Geraldine Fitzgerald and Niall McGinnis give a good account of themselves in *The Man Who Could Not Forget*—a British National Film which is shortly to be seen in the West End. It is based on a novel by Sapper

THE LAST PHASE: Count Bertrand (Ion Swinley, *left*), the Emperor's adjutant and companion in exile, and Napoleon (Kenneth Kent) in an episode from *St. Helena*, the play by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis, which was extremely well received when presented recently at the Old Vic. It is a successful attempt to dramatise in twelve scenes the closing years of the great Conqueror's life, and really constitutes a study of the disintegration of a powerful intellect. The drama opens with Napoleon's arrival at Longwood House, St. Helena, in the autumn of 1815, and closes in the bedroom in May, 1821, just before he dies

BRIGHT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE LONDON PAVILION: Jack Buchanan as he appears in the musical film version of that famous play, *When Knights Were Bold*, which has been adapted to the screen and had its *première* this week

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SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND IN AN ICY GRIP

Where the Sea, Rivers, and Canals Were Frozen Over

NATURE CLOSES THE GRAND UNION CANAL TO TRAFFIC: During the early part of last week a vast stretch of this inland waterway was frozen over near Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, and this simple but ingenious form of ice breaker had to be brought into operation. It was drawn by four horses, and the men on board held fast to an iron rail in the centre and rocked the boat violently from side to side, thus effectively smashing through the surface

A PHENOMENON UNKNOWN FOR YEARS: The frozen seashore on the Essex Coast near Shoeburyness where, in some places, the ice was piled up to a height of about 4 ft. *On left*—The beach at Pegwell Bay, between Ramsgate and Sandwich, where similar conditions prevailed after the tide had receded. The last time this occurred there was in 1929

ARCTIC CONDITIONS ON THE ESSEX COAST: The River Roach which was covered in one great sheet of ice, and from the mouth of which it was possible to walk a mile on frozen sea water. *Below*—A barge stranded in the Roach

Fire and Fury on the Ice

Some Facts about Ice Hockey, the Toughest, Fastest, and most Camouflaged Game in the World

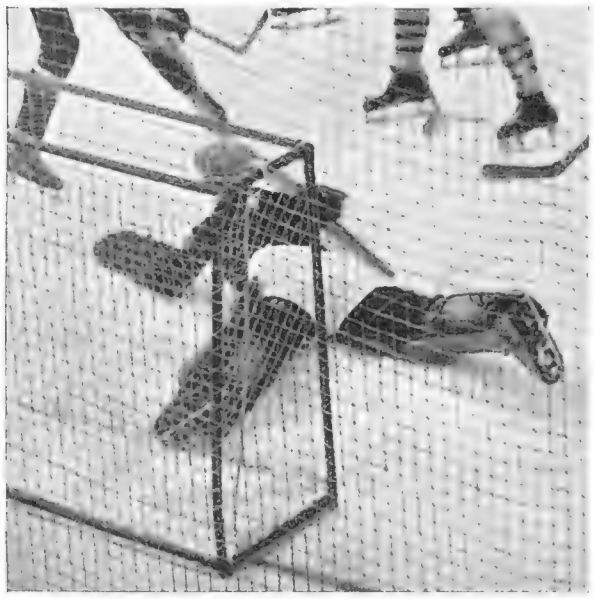
By CHARLES GRAVES

WE ARE always being told that ice hockey is the fastest game in the world. I am now in a position to state that it is the toughest and most camouflaged. There are as many as four players in the National Ice Hockey League of Great Britain who have been blinded in one eye and are still playing ice hockey. Ribs are not often broken, but concussion is a common occurrence. Time and again players stop a puck with their face. A puck, by the way, weighs 6 ozs. It is made of vulcanised rubber, and measures 3 in. by 1 in. To get an idea of the speed at which it travels through the air it is only necessary to say that during the intervals at Madison Square Garden in New York, an exhibition is frequently given by a former ice hockey player who is able to break a plank of pine 1 in. thick at 30 ft. by slinging a puck at it.

The players wear aerated rubber underwear; they have felt pads under their stockings, their trousers are cane-lined on the inside. They have their steak, baked potatoes, toast, and tea at least three hours before they go on the ice, and they have both " to be able to take it and hand it out."

Ice hockey players have a brief life of activity. They start at the age of seventeen and only if they are very careful are they still in the forefront at the age of twenty-eight (if a forward) and thirty (if a defence man). The ideal age, according to Mr. Summerhayes, the Managing Director of the Empress Stadium, is about twenty.

It was a well-known sports writer who said the other day, " Ice hockey players are damn fools if they are not paid for the knocks they take." And yet on paper the ice hockey players in this country (95 per cent. of them have lived in Canada) are amateurs, but I defy anybody to define amateurism in ice hockey exactly. The reason why they are not called professionals is simple. The matches which attract the largest crowds and therefore the greatest amount of gate money in England are between the local teams and those from Canada, the United States, and the Continent. These teams, however, are all under the nominal control of the League Internationale de Hockey sur Glace which has its headquarters in Brussels. This is in supreme control of ice hockey throughout the world, and one of its regulations is that professional ice hockey players are not allowed to play against amateurs. For this reason, therefore, various subterfuges have to be resorted to in this country. It is necessary to supply jobs for these ice hockey players which have little or nothing to do with ice hockey. The usual procedure is to give them positions in the firms of leading shareholders in the Ice Stadium for which they play. Some are in advertising. Others are allegedly accountants. Others, less hypocritically, write the editorial notes in the programme issued to patrons of the Ice Stadium to which they are attached. So much of their time, however, is taken up with matches or practising for ice hockey that they have to have leave from their offices at any minute for any length of time. On an average they work less than three hours a day in the businesses to which they are attached, and when I asked one of the leading ice-hockey players in this country what he did besides playing ice hockey he replied " More ice hockey " with a pleasant smile.



DEFENDING HIS CHARGE: A goalkeeper lying at full length in a desperate attempt to avert a score

If one chose to be cynical one could point out that it is a curiosity that these ice hockey players are all paid salaries between £6 and £10 a week. But here I must quote the managing director of a famous stadium when he said to me with a grin " the value in their particular job is almost entirely judged by their value on the ice."

In a way one must feel sorry for the promoters of this new sport. On the one hand the fact that their players are " amateurs " means to say that there is no question of buying them at large fees, as happens in the professional rinks in the United States or Canada. On the other hand, because they employ teams of " amateurs " there is no redress if one of their star players decides to leave at short notice. On the other hand, ice hockey promoters are on a good thing. As the managing director whom I have previously quoted told me, his team of " amateurs " costs him only £150 a week. Ice hockey, in fact, is unquestionably the cheapest form of sports spectacle to present to the public.

Speedway racing is the next cheapest. But in speedway racing, as in greyhound racing, a continuous series of money prizes has to be given at each meeting. Prize fighting obviously is still more costly to put on when even second rate heavyweights must be paid several hundreds of pounds before they will consent to appear in the ring. True in ice hockey promotion there is a considerable overhead expense in the way of electric light. This can be reckoned at the rate of £50 a week. Compare, however, the £170,000 which will be taken at the turnstiles during the present ice hockey season with the £1,700 that was taken five years ago throughout the country during a similar period between October 1 and May 1.

Yes, ice hockey is relatively the most paying form of sport in this country. It combines speed, skill, and brawling. A great deal of the attraction of ice hockey is the probability, if not certainty, that opposing players will indulge in a fight between themselves. This is due to the deliberately elastic rules governing the game. According to the regulations, a defence man can " body-check " an approaching forward. He must, however, not " cross-check " him. In other words, when it is impossible to get the puck away from the player you are allowed to get the player away from the puck by shouldering him and using other tactics. What you may not do is to attack him personally with your stick. Owing to the latitude governing these tactics, a forward who has been brought down by a " body-check " may well consider that he has been deliberately fouled instead of being correctly hampered. Hence the fights.

It has been suggested in the newspapers that this " human element " is deliberately fostered. The answer is that it is impossible to stop ice hockey players fighting. Even if they are heavily fined they will go out and scrap all over again. It has also been suggested in the newspapers that these individual quarrels between players will soon kill the game. The reply to this is, " As long as the players do not murder each other, and as long as the roughness is sincere, it will do no harm."

At the present minute there are three Leagues in ice hockey. There is the National League, which consists of the two Wembley teams, the two Empress Stadium teams, the Richmond Icedrome team, the Streatham Ice Rink team, and the Brighton team. In addition, there is the International League, which brings in two French teams. There is also the English League, which includes Manchester, Birmingham, Oxford, and Cambridge, as well as Brighton, Streatham, and Wembley.

AN ONSLAUGHT ON GOAL: An incident in the match between Canada and Latvia at the Winter Olympic Games at Garmisch Partenkirchen, Southern Germany, where the ice hockey tournament has been one of the principal attractions

Even with the assistance of an expert I can count only five players who have not learnt all their ice hockey in Canada. They are Carl Erhardt, Baron von Trautenberg, Melland, Wyman, and Couldrey. The other players in the National League, and the majority of those in the English League, are all either Canadian or people who went to Canada under the age of ten and have been—I won't say imported—enterprising enough to return to the land of their birth. To document this let us look at the biographical notes about the Earl's Court Rangers and the Kensington Corinthians as kindly supplied in the programme of the Empress Stadium. Here are the details of the first five players in each team:

(1) Left Scotland when nine years old. Broke into hockey with Ravins Juveniles. First years as left winger West Toronto Juniors.

(2) Born March 20, 1914, in Toronto, Canada.

(3) When ten years old he moved across the pond to Ontario, Canada.

(4) Born at Parry Sound in 1913.

(5) Broke into hockey in Ottawa, Canada.

(Continued on page 352)

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT: Another picture which gives a good idea of the desperate character of ice hockey, a speedy, gruelling game in which the players get their full share of hard knocks and injuries

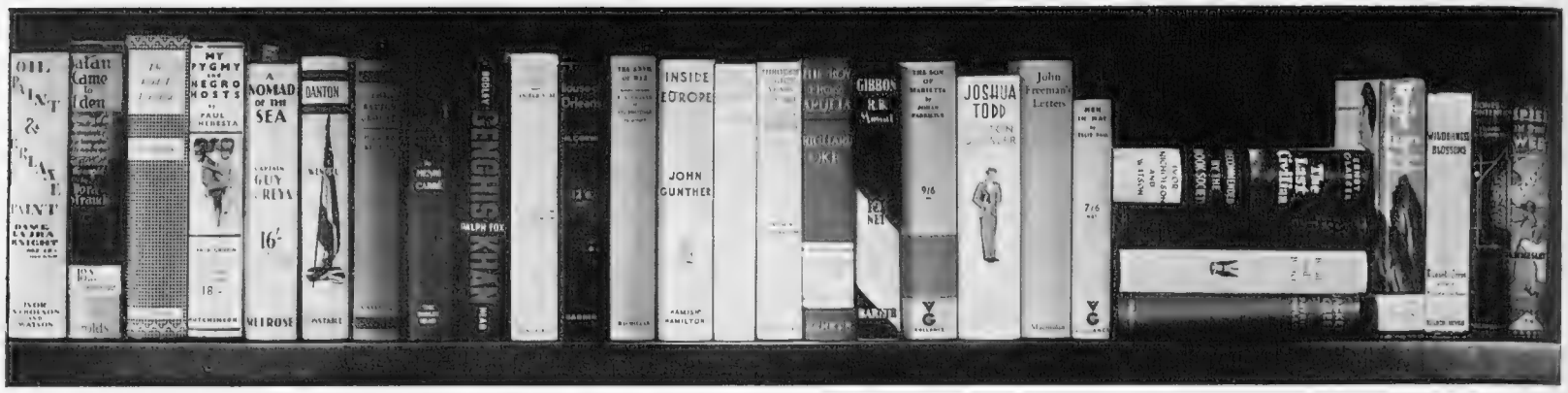
HATS THAT LIVE IN HISTORY

Immediately above is a sailor hat inspired by old prints of the French Navy. In black cellophane, the gauged brim is made of black, grey, and white plaid taffeta. The matching cravat is rolled back at the throat, and both come from Harrods

In the centre of this page is a modern version of the Marie Stuart bonnet. Created by Agnès in black taffeta, it has a pointed crown, and a peaked brim of white organdie, which matches the pleated ruff. From Harrods of Knightsbridge

Peter Clark

Once again Agnès has delved back into history for the small Breton sailor above. In navy felt braided in white, the crown is pulled down and tied with felt bands. It comes from Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street, W., and is complemented by a traditional sailor collar



ARE THERE TOO MANY BOOKS?

An Increase of 1,200 New Publications in 1935 Once Again Raises the Question of Over-production

By VERNON FANE

DURING the past five years the number of books published has increased steadily. In most trades this would be regarded as a healthy sign, marching with the general trend of trade recovery. In the book world, however, they view things differently, and about a year ago serious discussions took place and several powerful voices were raised to demand a restriction of output. As the volume increases, they argued, the standard deteriorates, the reward to the individual author, publisher, and bookseller diminishes. The answer has been that in the past year the number of new books published has increased by 1,200.

Now the corrective to over production in any trade or industry which refuses to put its own house in order by restricting output is a fall in prices. The price of books has not fallen: if anything it has, on the average, gone up. This is not nearly so much of a paradox as it seems. The figures we are discussing are not books in total volume but the number of individual titles. The retail price of any book is usually determined in the first place by the size of the edition printed. The more books there are published the greater the competition among individual books. Prices are maintained by the relative smallness of each edition, the public having a greater range of titles from which to choose.

The real factor at work in this instance is the right which the public exercises to discriminate among the books offered for sale. Since the war the retail selling price of the average novel has remained steadily at 7s. 6d. This enables a publisher, any publisher, large or small, to "come home" on an edition of about 1,500 copies.

The novel reading public has increased steadily during this period, and although several attempts have been made to offer new novels at a lower price each has failed to pass the initial stages of experiment. (There are several reasons for this, but since they do not affect the general argument they can be discussed later.)

The publisher, then, is in the happy position of a manufacturer with a steadily increasing demand for his goods. Naturally he won't restrict output. It may be restricted for him by a lack of raw material, i.e. the number of publishable books offered to him, but this is a remote contingency. Of the writing of books there is no end, and particularly of novels. Most publishers are compelled to reject at least 90 per cent. of the books offered them. What they *will* publish is a book which they decide has a reasonable chance to make money for them.

Contrary to the general belief almost any book of reasonable worth will readily find a publisher. That a good many worthless books get published is due to the speculative element. No one can pretend infallibly to gauge the public taste; a surprising number of books in every list is produced at a loss. The profit yielded by those that sell must set off such losses. Well established authors, having a certain sale for each new book written, are a publisher's standby, but they are a wasting asset. He must always be seeking new material.

Now the public, we have seen, has been increasingly willing to assist in these experiments by demanding more and more books. The standard, then, has deteriorated because in the long run publishers find it pays to "try out" inferior books because the supply of better books is not equal to the general demand.

So, in examining the argument for restriction, we arrive at an impasse. The marketing of books cannot be compared to conditions existing in any other trade or industry. As long as the worth of the raw material remains a factor out of control, there can be no case for control at any other stage. A very large number of bad books may sell at the expense of better ones; the incentive to write and publish a good book may be diminished by that amount, but to state that the general standard has fallen—*must fail*—because of the increase of the number of books published is to perpetrate a howling fallacy. Surely the exact contrary is the result. A man does not write a bad book because bad books sell as well as good ones (in fact they emphatically do not). Writers, publishers and sellers of good books stand to benefit, and not to lose, by every increase in the number published.

Dr. Johnson said that anyone who wrote a book for anything but money was a blockhead. Books are published for exactly the same reason, and a publisher who was blockhead enough to pursue any other policy would soon cease to be in business.

If the book trade could devise a sure formula by which it could be decided that a certain book would be sure to sell, the problem would be easy. But books are like plays, or any other form of public entertainment; the public's reception of them is an incalculable quantity. The first week of a book's publication is, for author and publisher, a kind of protracted agony. The theatrical manager has his tenterhooks on a first night, devours the notices the next morning, and then knows the worst—or the best. With a book, the reviews sometimes drag along over weeks, to be reflected through sales, or the lack of them, over long weeks more.

The peak of desire, of course, is summed up in those magic words, "best seller." What is a best seller? Few people realise how elastic a term that is. I have seen books hailed as best sellers in advertisements, in lists purporting to be compiled by booksellers, in reviews of the year, of the spring or of the autumn, which upon examination have not sold 5,000 copies. On the other hand there is a type of author, the first edition of any book he writes being not a copy under 20,000, whose works never appear in "best seller" lists.

The book "everybody is talking about" is not necessarily the book which is being read in 20,000 homes at the moment. I never remember seeing a novel by the late Edgar Wallace in any of the best-seller lists, yet some of his novels would be selling *per day* the number of copies some of the listed contemporary "successes" sold in all.

The sole and exclusive maker of a best seller is the public taste. Reviews don't do it. Books which have been praised by every superlative known to the reviewers' craft have been known to fall neglected into the twopenny baskets of the Charing Cross Road; others which have been damned by every kind of invective and faint praise have marched into edition after edition at the public demand. Publishers spend thousands in direct and indirect advertising, and in their announcements every week brings forth a fresh crop of master-pieces beside which the classics of the past pale into insignificance, but the public has been known to remain indifferent. (Most publishers, if pinned down to the truth, will admit that the largest proportion of their advertising is designed to gratify the vanity of authors. Authors will frequently push a publisher into uneconomic advertising on the threat to take their next book elsewhere.)

A WRITER OF PROMISE: G. H. Saxon Mills, author of *London Lady*, which is published by Heinemann and is reviewed on this page

It is the question "what's a good book?" or "are you reading anything good just now?" which makes best sellers. In a million homes there is a process known as "changing the library book"; in tens of thousands of others there is someone looking for something "good to read." Word of mouth recommendation is what starts a book off, and that is the only sure maker of a best seller.

The author of a book that becomes a best seller is in a happy position. The public is impressed, and what is more important, so is the book trade. His next book is eagerly awaited and enjoys a ready-made demand from the beginning. Sir Philip Gibbs or Mr. Warwick Deeping have no need to worry or wonder if their next novel will be a "best seller." They know.

Yet the number of best sellers, that is to say books which sell over 20,000 copies, in the course of a year is very small. In the trade a book which sells 5,000 or more is regarded as a success, and on such a basis an author can be counted as reasonably successful and yet be a long way from making a fortune, or even a reasonable living from the writing of books.

A few authors make sizeable fortunes out of their work, but only a small proportion of the money they make is directly derived from the sales of their books.

A writer with an established reputation is able to command large payments for all sorts of by-products. Newspaper and magazine editors—particularly in America—will pay him large sums for a short story, or his views, expressed in an article, upon almost any subject under the sun. American lecture tours, if he consents to undertake that form of torture, are extremely well paid. Then there are the film and dramatic rights, foreign rights, and even broadcasting rights, to be exploited. For his last novel, *It Can't Happen Here*, for instance, Sinclair Lewis was paid £15,000 for the film rights. The Nobel Prize for literature, which the same author was awarded, brought with it a nice little sum of £10,000.

These things are of course exceptional. Most moderately successful authors make surprisingly little out of their actual book sales. If he writes, say, a novel a year, such an author (whose sales average about 5,000) would make little more than a few hundred pounds. Yet he can, and mostly does, live comfortably on the by-products of his work, writing for the newspapers, magazines, and, if he is lucky, selling a film occasionally.

A novel with a dance hostess as its heroine and a night club as its setting would seem to be hardly promising material, but G. H. Saxon Mills knows his subject and this, coupled with a more than ordinary ability to create atmosphere, has enabled him in *London Lady* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) to produce a story which, while laying no claim to any great depth of thought, is thoroughly readable and deserves the success that will undoubtedly come its way. The constantly inebriated young aristocrat, the tough American, the amorous saxophonist, and the man to whom she would have given everything are portrayed with humour as well as realism, and it is by clever sketches of her dealing with them that Mr. Mills has succeeded in revealing the character of his Florence, a gold-digger *par excellence*.

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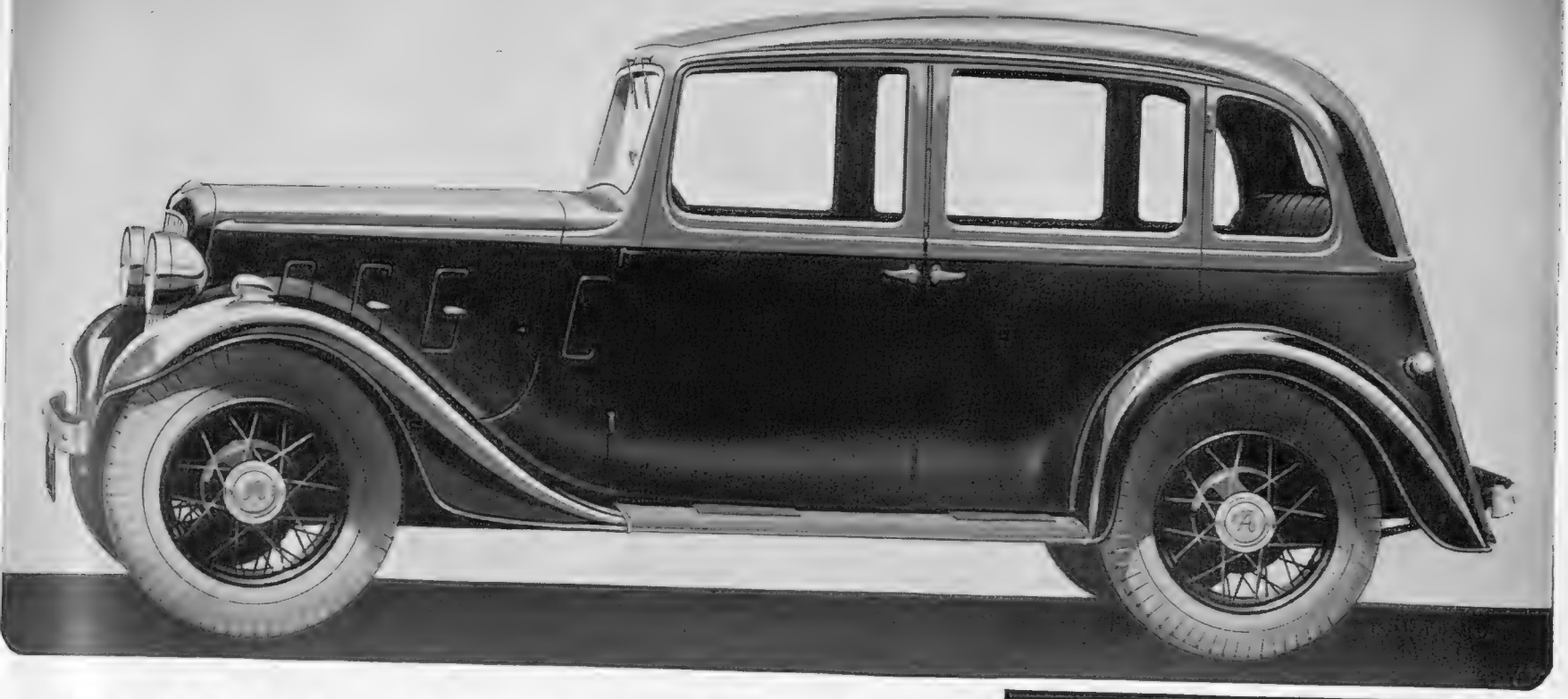
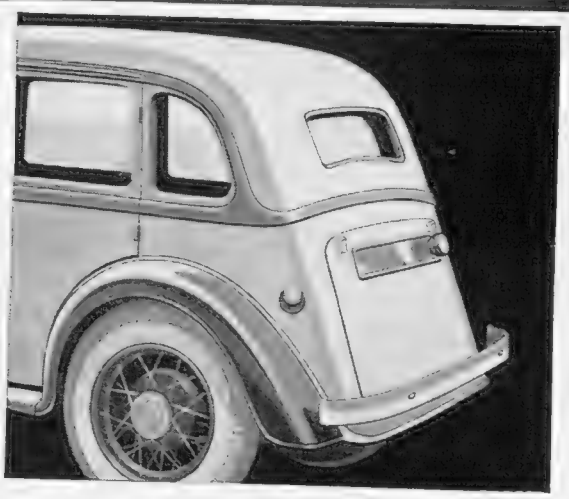


A NEW SIX-WINDOW TEN-FOUR SALOON

The Sherborne £178

The Sherborne Fixed-Head Saloon £162.10s.



FEATURES: *Downswept, flush back-panel enclosing spare wheel and luggage carrier; six side-windows; deeply-valanced, wide mudwings; anatomically correct seating; hour-glass steering; fool-proof controls; exceptional stability and safety through low centre of gravity; and the* LONG-PROVED DEPENDABLE AUSTIN TEN-FOUR CHASSIS

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The Lichfield models, as a result of economies in manufacture, have been reduced in price, as follows:
Lichfield 4-window Saloon £168. *Lichfield Fixed-Head Saloon* £152.10s.

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Christmas Competition Results

Winners of "The Sphere's" Pictorial Puzzle

THE SOLUTION: A scene on the River Dyle, Malines, the Canterbury of Belgium

As usual, THE SPHERE Christmas Competition attracted a host of entries, and readers showed considerable ingenuity in assembling the picture set for solution by Mr. Percy Home, which, as many have realised, portrays a scene on the River Dyle in the heart of the old-world city of Malines, Belgium. Attempts have been sent in

FIRST PRIZE (£5): From A. G. Hendesso, Orangedale Estates, Ltd., Koster, Transvaal

from all parts of the globe—from South Africa, Canada, the United States, Belgium, Brazil, Gibraltar, the West Indies, Japan, Switzerland, Egypt, the Argentine, Nigeria, Ceylon, Manchukuo, Sweden, Holland, Germany, India, Greece, and Southern Rhodesia. Indeed, the contest every year appears to attract an ever-increasing number

SECOND PRIZE (£3): From Mrs. Ede, Littlecroft, Oakhill Road, Sevenoaks, Kent

of entries, and its world-wide character fully testifies to its popularity.

This year a large majority of readers came within a reasonable distance of a correct solution, but two entries stood out head and shoulders above the rest, and it was only on the minutest points of difference that the Editor was able to choose

THIRD PRIZE (£2): From F. F. Leefe, 2050 Victoria Street, Montreal, Quebec

between them. Eventually it was decided to award the first prize of £5 to A. G. Hendesso, of Orangedale Estates, Ltd., Koster, Transvaal, South Africa, whose grouping of the buildings towards the left of the picture and whose positioning of the white house are not quite accurate but none the less a shade better than those of Mrs. Ede, of Littlecroft, Oakhill Road, Sevenoaks, Kent, who is accordingly awarded the second prize of £3. Both attempts are really praiseworthy, and reveal that great care has been expended in dealing with the problems of perspective. The winner of the third prize of £2 is F. F. Leefe, of 2050 Victoria Street, Montreal, Quebec, whose effort also has much to commend it.

This year the competition was not quite so simple as it sometimes has been in the past, and the chief difficulty seems to have been the fine pilastered building on the left, and the barges in the

PICTURESQUE BUT INACCURATE: A solution from Seattle, Washington, showing the buildings on the left placed as if on a steep hill

centre, many entrants being inclined to dwarf the aspect of the former by piling other houses around it, and to place the latter too far in the foreground.

The following entries are honourably mentioned:—Rokuya Kajima, Tokio, Japan; A. Galloway, West Neuk, Lossiemouth, Morayshire;

ANOTHER VARIATION: An entry from Belgium that differs considerably from the original but captures the atmosphere of a Belgian town

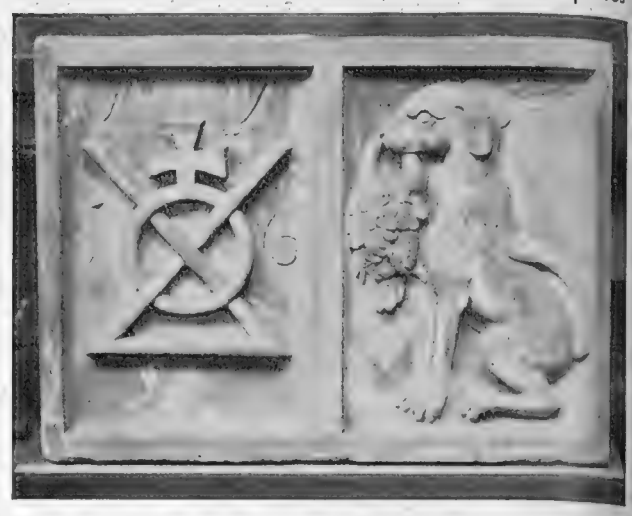
S. C. Pleass, Aba, Nigeria, West Africa; L. Marsh Simpson, Hurlingham Club, Buenos Aires, Argentina; J. Shirley-Fox, Bath; A. A. Smith, 116 Park Street, Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada; Mrs. Horton, Ivy House, Thornhill, Dewsbury; Miss Macrobert, Stranraer, Scotland; Mrs. Macarthur, 56 Cadogan Place, London, S.W.1;

A SOLUTION FROM SOUTH AMERICA: An interesting entry sent in by a reader in Rio

M. S. Bill, 135 Westbury Road, Westbury on Trym; Miss Salter, Manor House, Dry Sandford, Abingdon, Berks.; M. H. Francis, 63 South Hill Road, Bromley, Kent; K. Hill, 7 Kensington Road, Blackpool, Lancashire; H. Adams, 20 Sackville Street, London, W.1; E. Livermore, Furzefield Road, Reigate, Surrey; David Williams, 516 Woodbine Avenue, Warren, Ohio; and Pat McCoy (aged ten), Long Beach, California.

THE CUMING MUSEUM

A Little-known London Storehouse of Antiquities



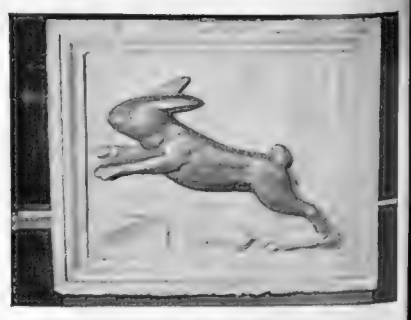
A PICTURESQUE OLD INN SIGN PRESERVED: This stone tablet representing a dog with a duck between its jaws once adorned the famous Dog and Duck tavern in St. George's Fields, Lambeth, and is now preserved in the interesting collection at the Cuming Museum of Antiquities and Paintings in the Southwark Central Library Building, Walworth Road

London has many surprises, particularly for the Londoner who, such is his daily routine, seldom has time to explore his city and not infrequently knows less of its wonders than the questing visitor from abroad. Indeed there are a host of interesting institutions in the Metropolis which deserve to be better known, and not the least important of these is the Cuming Museum situated in the Southwark Central Library Building, where have been gathered together paintings and antiquities chiefly

A COPPER FROM THE WORKHOUSE, MINT STREET, BOROUGH, an institution immortalised by Dickens in the pages of *Oliver Twist*

THE MARSHALSEA PUMP which formerly stood in the yard of the notorious Marshalsea prison, Southwark, and to-day is one of the treasured possessions of the Cuming Museum. It was mentioned by Dickens in *Little Dorrit*

dealing with South London in the early days. The old inn signs, some of which are reproduced here, are particularly interesting while many of the pieces preserved have associations with Dickens, the settings for whose works were so often laid on the south side of the river. The museum is open on weekdays from 12 to 8.30 p.m., on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., and on Sundays from 6 p.m. to 9.0 p.m. Nearby in Browning Street is the headquarters of the Browning Settlement which contains an unrivalled collection of relics of the poet.



THE HARE AND SUN: Another ancient inn sign removed from 71, Borough High Street. It was erected in 1676

MUTE ELOQUENCE: The Dog and Pot inn sign which was loaned to the museum about four years ago by Mr. J. Littman

"ALTHOUGH NOT A REGULAR SMOKER, I'VE LEARNED TO PREFER **KENSITAS*** AS THE PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE THAT DOESN'T HURT MY THROAT"

Sybil Thorndike

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, the eminent British actress, famous above all for her magnificent interpretation of Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan."

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A Girdle Round the Earth

Plans for Air Services which will Encircle the Globe Within Fifteen Days

THE beginning of 1936 has brought within reasonable reach of realisation the vision of a chain of regular air routes encircling the earth. Already the overland links of this chain have been forged and are regularly maintained by services carrying passengers, freight, and mail. The two big ocean gaps in the chain, the Pacific and the Atlantic, remain to be joined by regular passenger services, but the Pacific has already been conquered by the big flying boats of Pan-American Airways.

After a series of pioneer flights on which, stage by stage, the problems raised by the long distances between harbours on the Trans-Pacific route were studied and overcome Manila in the Philippine Islands has been linked to California by a mail service and in due course passengers also will be carried. The total distance between Alameda, California, and Manila is 6,920 nautical miles, about the same as between London and Capetown by the Imperial Airways route. It is made up of five stages: Alameda to Honolulu, 2,094 miles; Honolulu to Midway Island, 1,157 miles; Midway Island to Wake Island, 979 miles; Wake Island to Guam Island, 1,300 miles; and Guam to Manila, 1,390 miles. The whole journey is flown in five days as against the nine days of the Imperial Airways service to the Cape, but the length of the first stage entails night flying.

Little has been heard of the fine work done in pioneering this ocean route. Pan-American Airways have been preparing the ground for five years. Apart from designing, building, and testing the big boats, completely equipped bases had to be established at each of the five stops, with buildings, workshops, refuelling arrangements, and elaborate wireless apparatus, at a cost of more than 2,000,000 dollars. Then test flights were made to try out the machines and every detail of the organisation stage by stage.

Finally all was ready and on November 29 the *China Clipper* flying boat arrived at Manila with the first Trans-Pacific air mail. She had flown the 1,390 nautical miles from Guam without seeing a ship, and the pilot, Captain Musick, was quite disappointed because the crowd of welcoming small boats in the harbour got in his way and he was a minute behind schedule in picking up his moorings. Hardly a serious lack of punctuality considering that the last stage is somewhat longer than the distance between London and Brindisi.

A NEW LINK WITH SCANDINAVIA: The British Continental Airways air liner *St. George* (*foreground*) pictured at Croydon before taking off on its flight to Malmo, thus inaugurating the bi-weekly service between Britain and Sweden. The journey is scheduled to occupy 7 hrs. on the northerly run and 7½ hrs. on the southerly, allowing in each case a halt of 20 min. at Amsterdam, 50 min. at Hamburg, and 15 min. at Copenhagen. The first trip showed that the time-table could be kept punctually in all except the heaviest head winds

With the establishment of the route to Manila there now remains only the short hop to China to be covered by regular schedule. There the service will link up with the Imperial Airways route at Hong Kong. This route will branch off from the existing England–Australia line at Penang. It has already been surveyed, and successful test flights were made by an Imperial Airways liner last autumn. When these two short stretches have been joined a continuous air route will be in operation westwards from New York to London.

The North Atlantic is another problem. Notorious for its storms and fogs it represents a very difficult proposition for regular air services. Nevertheless, the production of the new long distance flying boats in America, and the boats now being built here, have brought the Atlantic crossing within the range of practical politics. The conferences which have been held between the British, Irish Free State, Canadian, and U.S.A. authorities have carefully considered the whole problem, and the development of this service is definitely decided upon.

There are three possible routes. The northern route via Greenland allows of short stages of 600 miles or less being flown but because the weather is so bad and it is icebound in winter it is at present not favourably considered. The shortest direct crossing between Newfoundland and Ireland is favourably considered by the experts although storms and fogs have to be overcome. Test flights will be made over it and probably it will ultimately become the main route between Great Britain and North America. The third route via Portugal, the Azores, and Bermuda is a good deal longer but very much better weather prevails along it than along the others. It will serve as an alternative, and possibly the eastbound crossing may be made direct and the Azores route used for westbound flights.

In any case Atlantic services have passed the stage of being a vision of the far distant future. Britain and the U.S.A. have agreed to develop a joint service and Foynes at the mouth of the Shannon has been chosen as the terminal airport of the ocean service on this side. It is probable that before the end of this year the first experimental flights across the North Atlantic will have taken place. By 1938 the earth should be encircled by regular air services and it should be possible to make the round trip in about fifteen days; a contrast to Sir Francis Drake's circumnavigation of the globe begun on December 13, 1577 which took two years and ten months. His crossing of the Pacific from New Albion on the North American coast to the Moluccas by a course not so very far removed from that followed to-day by the Clippers of Pan-American Airways took four months.

A loop to the direct Pacific route to link up with the London-Brisbane route is planned via New Zealand. The New Zealand Government has made an agreement with Pan-American Airways for a service from San Francisco to Auckland and this service may later be extended across the Tasman Sea to Australia. A service by Imperial Airways from Brisbane to New Zealand in continuation of the Empire route is also planned. Some day this Empire Service will be continued from New Zealand across the Pacific to Canada and then all the British Dominions will be linked by British air lines.

We are to-day building up our ocean air lines on international co-operation as opposed to cut-throat competition and it is significant that the two great English-speaking nations, Great Britain and the U.S.A., are working in close co-operation to establish air routes round the world. That the linking of the Empire by air must be of benefit to inter-Dominion relations and trade cannot be doubted, for within a year or two no place in the Empire will be more than seven days distant from any other.

C. D. Palmer

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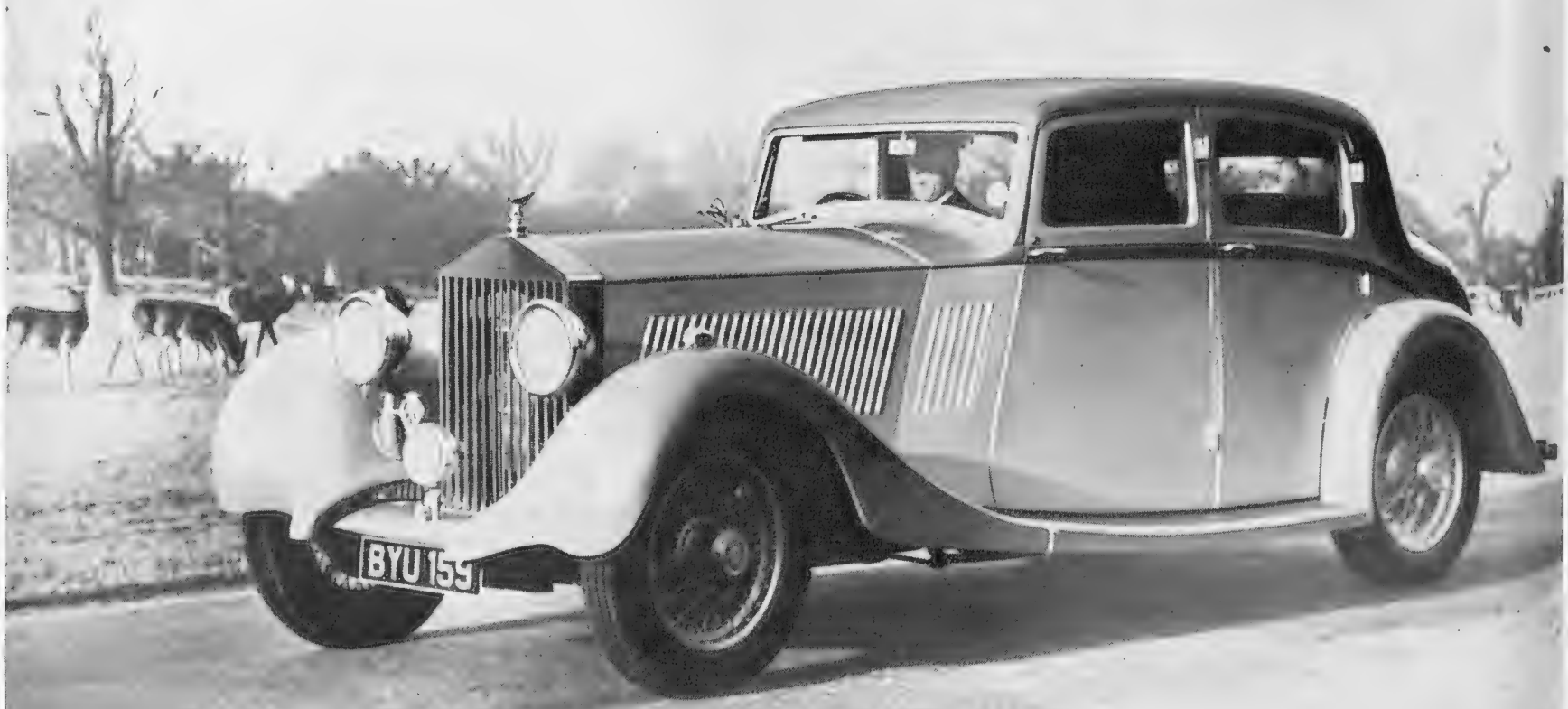

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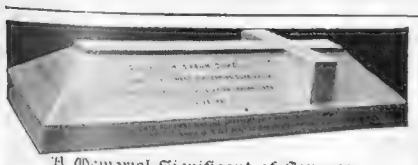

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THE MEXICAN SCENE

A Land of Great Touring Possibilities

AMERICANS are fortunate in being far removed from Europe in more ways than one, and among them is the fact that Mexico is easily accessible as a touring centre from the United States. For us, on the other hand, it is nineteen days away by boat sailing direct to Vera Cruz, and the approximate 1st class return fare is £90. These, it may be said without fear of contradiction, are the only two real disabilities which prevent the English flocking there for holidays, since living, once you arrive, is cheap. Mexican pesos are about seventeen to the £ sterling, and you can stop in a good hotel in Mexico City for twelve to fifteen pesos a day. It is surprising, therefore, that people with time on their hands and a taste for foreign places (of whom, after all, there are quite a number) should not be more alive to the travel possibilities of one of the most remarkable countries in the world.

CHAPULTEPEC PARK, MEXICO CITY: The beautiful estate which was originally laid out by Montezuma II, and is now one of the most beautiful spots in the Mexican capital

The Americans, or a good sprinkling of them, at any rate, have fully realised just how remarkable Mexico is, and more will soon, for the direct motor road between New York and Mexico City, which has been under construction during the past few years, is to-day practically ready, except for a stretch of about a hundred miles in the mountains, which has not yet been surfaced. There, now, is a trip worth the attention of an enterprising tourist. And the car's usefulness would not be at an end when Mexico City was reached either, for there is much sightseeing to be done within a wide radius of the capital, and the roads are excellent. Mexico, in fact, is acutely "road conscious," and again this year an enormous sum has been earmarked in the budget for road building and road improvement.

This is really a clue to the whole orientation of the new era. The intelligent observer will not have to look very far before he distinguishes four distinct historical phases that make up the kaleidoscopic picture that is Mexico to-day. First, there is the dark, Indian background: Toltec, Aztec and Mayan ruins rise huge and sombre from the waving grasses and fantastic cactus plants of a deserted landscape. The Indians who still form the bulk of the rural population are the pure descendants of the men who built those pyramids. They are a mysterious race—as mysterious as the ruins themselves—charming, if one has to deal with them, indolently courteous, but utterly remote, as if belonging to a world that no one but themselves could enter.

Next, there is the period of Spanish colonial domination which has left a legacy of marvellous renaissance and baroque churches and palaces all over the country. The early pioneers (Cortez landed in 1520) destroyed ruthlessly those treasures which might have revealed to us the many secrets of the past that now we shall never know. It is said that one of Cortez' followers won and lost the great gold altar of the sun god that was at Teotihuacan in a couple of throws of the dice. And what vandalism had begun religious persecution did its best to complete. But Spanish civilisation nevertheless moulded the country to a new and by no means ignoble design.

AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM: The imposing cathedral in Mexico City; a gigantic structure of basalt and grey sandstone, which was completed and inaugurated in the second half of the 17th century

Next there is the troubled period of emancipation from the yoke of Spain, finally resolved into the long, nineteenth-century dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz. That was a time of great capitalist exploitation, in which Mexico became a happy hunting ground for foreign concessionaires. Railways were constructed with feverish activity; imposing public offices went up on all sides; the ruling class built enormous villas in what were rapidly to become flower-smothered suburbs, and filled them with gilded mirrors and plush covered furniture. Then, shortly before the European war, came revolution, with its train of assassinations and counter assassinations, out of which slowly and painfully emerged the new order—the order of far-reaching social development and intense national consciousness.

New schools are now being started everywhere; new hospitals opened, new factories set up to realise some of the immense potentialities of Mexico's natural wealth. It is a great country with a great future . . .

Here, then, are the fragments of the kaleidoscope. The pattern they make cannot be accurately described, because it does not quite correspond to anything in the old world or, for that matter, to anything else in the new. Perhaps that is why the Mexicans themselves are so fond of watching the spectacle of life being lived by their fellows. You may see them sitting for hours on their balconies, surveying with apparent fascination the passage of ordinary daily events in the street below. You find them sitting on indefinitely at their café tables after a lunch hour of already prodigious length. The parks and gardens of Mexico City, marvellous for their flowers and for the rich luxuriance of their trees, are also singularly well equipped with shady seats round which brown-legged children play from dawn till dusk under the benignant eyes of their elders at all times of the year, for the climate is perpetually equable and pleasant.

Indeed, Mexico City is altogether rather a marvellous place. To begin with, it is better "planned" than almost any other capital city in the world (President Diaz saw to that); then, since it is situated some eight thousand feet above sea level, the air is as fresh and invigorating as one could wish for anywhere; the surrounding country is charming, and flanked with mountains. Finally, it is a city in which, for all its contrasts, one can very quickly feel at home, and that is perhaps the greatest tribute which can be paid to it. The present article must end here, but I shall come back to the subject of "going places and seeing things" in the United States of Mexico, at a later date.

Richard Nowell

ON THE SPACIOUS PAN-AMERICAN HIGHWAY: A typical stretch of road in Mexico where motoring conditions are excellent

TRAVEL NOTES OF THE WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

P., Sudan (New Zealand).—The return 1st class fare from Aden to New Zealand by Orient Line steamer, via Sydney, is £105, the return fare from Port Said being £117. The *Orama* leaves Aden on June 7, and you could either travel from Port Sudan to Aden by the *Llangibby Castle* of the Union Castle Line, leaving the former on May 29 and arriving at Aden on June 1, the single 1st class fare being £21, or travel from Port Sudan to Port Suez by the Khedivial Mail Line, which runs a weekly service from the former every Tuesday, arriving at Port Suez on the following Sunday, the single 1st class fare being £13 6s. The *Orama* leaves Port Said on June 3. Orient Line return tickets are interchangeable with the P. and O. Line, and for the return journey you could travel by the *Strathnaver* of the P. and O. Line from Sydney on August 22, breaking the journey for a week at Colombo and taking the P. and O. liner *Rajputana* from there on September 16, arriving at Aden on September 23. The average temperature at Auckland during July is 51·8° Fah., and you would find the New Zealand winter mild and sunny, and very pleasant as compared with an English winter.

W., India (Scilly Isles).—There is a 9-hole sporting hill golf course on St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Isles. A comfortable hotel there is Tregarthen's which charges about 10s. per day except during July and August. There is no cinema on the island. Motor-boat trips between the islands can be made for 2s. 6d. return. The bathing is good, but sailing trips should be in the company of a local fisherman. You would find the island very quiet during April, and having in mind the type of holiday you require we would suggest that you visit Guernsey in the Channel Isles, where there are two golf courses.

L., Surrey (Norway).—For good ski-ing conditions in Norway in mid-April to mid-May you would need to go to one of the higher resorts in the mountains. Either Finse or Ustaoset would be suitable, the former being particularly popular with English people. Both resorts are situated on the Hardanger plateau, on the railway line from Bergen to Oslo. The cost of a seventeen-day inclusive tour from Newcastle to either Finse or Ustaoset, including 1st class travel throughout and thirteen days' accommodation at either resort, would be about £20. Additional days' accommodation at the hotels would be at the rate of about 12s. 6d. per day. Further information concerning such trips can be had from the Norwegian Travel Bureau, 21, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. You should book in advance for an Easter holiday at Finse.

H., Ireland (Switzerland).—For an early June holiday in Switzerland you would find Interlaken in the Bernese Oberland an excellent centre. The town is situated between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, and is the junction of a number of railways. Excursions can be made by lake steamer to Brienz, Thun, Spiez, and Gunten, and by rail or road to Kandersteg and the lovely Kander Valley, Frutigen and Adelboden, Zweisimmen, the Niesen and Griesalp, Lucerne, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, and the Trummelbach Falls, the Schynige Platte, and the Jungfrau. It is possible to buy eight, fifteen, or thirty-day season tickets at reduced rates for travel on many of the Swiss railways and lake steamers, and we advise you to enquire concerning these on your arrival in Interlaken.

J., Essex (France).—A good centre from which to explore the Vosges is Gerardmer, which is situated on a lake at a height of 2,200 ft. A small, quiet resort on the Normandy coast with pretty rural surrounding scenery is Varengeville, some miles west of Dieppe. The coast is rocky, and not suitable for those who require a sandy beach.

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The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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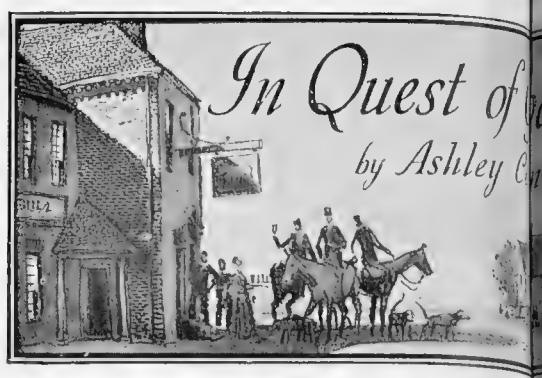

FROM my flat here in St. James's my quest of good hotels would soon be accomplished were it just confined to the picked handful centred in London's West End, for within a square mile of my door are hotels known the world over; hotels which act as barometers of public life and hotels which are the training grounds for the hotel managers of to-morrow.

Just up the road are the Ritz, the Berkeley, Claridge's, the May Fair, and the long established Brown's. Only five minutes away is the Carlton, and within comfortable walking distance are the world's most modern hotels, the Dorchester, the Park Lane and Grosvenor House, whilst at Hyde Park Corner, facing Hyde Park, is one of London's most comfortable residential hotels, the Alexandra.

And there are other picked hotels around me with a selective clientèle, just off the beaten track, the Stafford, well known to Americans, which lies off St. James's Street; Garlands, in a quiet cul-de-sac off Haymarket; Almonds and the Washington off Bond Street . . . and so on.

But my real quest, stimulated by my surroundings, only begins here. I would that I could, and one day it may be possible with television perhaps, be connected up with good hotels dotted here and there over the country which are now in my mind as I sit writing; large hotels, small hotels, and some almost mere guest houses, but all with individuality, and all understanding that the three essentials of a good hotel are good food, good service, and a good bed.

My thoughts transport me to an hotel in Wales where from my bedroom window I look down upon the whole length and breadth of Lake Vyrnwy. Again my thoughts carry me away to the Headland Hotel, Newquay, the only hotel I know of which can claim that every bedroom has a sea view—and what a view it is—ever rolling, never ceasing Atlantic breakers beating on the rugged Cornish coast.

And then there is an hotel in Surrey, not twenty-five miles from London, tucked away from all noise of the outside world where, one morning last March, I breakfasted on a sheltered veranda whilst a friendly cow put her head over the wicket gate and mooed as if to say, "I hope you really appreciate my fresh milk"—as I did!

What a joy, too, there is in the unexpected! I have just returned from a tour of Devon and Cornwall where not a day went by without my making some new find.

I "discovered" a gem of an hotel at Budock Vean about six miles from Falmouth overlooking the Helford River. As I lay snugly in my bed the oysters lay in theirs at Port Nevas opposite—perhaps a little apprehensively

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Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
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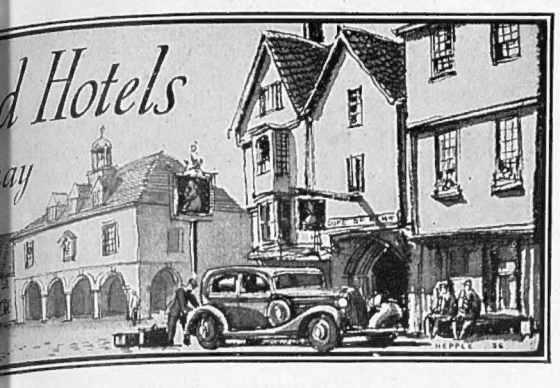

I found hotels perched high on Dartmoor, or nestling on its outskirts. I toured the country between rivers Axe and Exe, and I stayed at a remarkably nice hotel, the Victoria at Sidmouth, about which I will say more another week.

But I shall always remember that final night before my return, when the inhabitants of glorious Devon were disgusted with the inglorious display on the part of the weather which so disgraced itself as to cover Exeter and district with a heavy fall of snow.

I arrived at the Royal Clarence Hotel, Exeter, which lies in the tranquillity of the Cathedral Close, feeling cold, cantankerous . . . and so very critical. What a welcoming contrast it was to find oneself within the friendly walls of this hospitable house. I was lucky to get a room without previously booking, for the Royal Clarence attracts the traveller to its doors at all times of the year.

The Assizes too were on, and the Members of His Majesty's Bar are knowledgeable on most matters . . . and in particular where good fare and comfortable headquarters are to be had.

It is a fascinating pursuit this hobby of finding picked places where one can eat and sleep and feel afterwards that one must certainly return there, and it is equally fascinating, though perhaps a rather dangerous pursuit, to advise others on where to stay, for after all "one man's meat is another man's poison" and what may seem good to one may be just as disappointing to another.

In this weekly article it is my intention to wander hither and thither over the British Isles dealing with good hotels individually or collectively. It will help me in my task if readers of THE SPHERE would bring to my notice any particular hotels, especially the smaller ones, which qualify for my definition of a "Good Hotel," while on my part I shall be only too pleased to advise SPHERE readers, though please will they be as explicit as possible in their requirements. It is always difficult to fit square pegs into round holes, and almost impossible to give practical advice when I get, as I often do, a letter such as the following:

"I shall be most grateful if you can help me in the choice of an hotel for my holiday this year. I do not want to pay too much; I want a bracing place but it must not be on the East Coast. Somewhere like Bournemouth, but we went there last summer and would like a change. We would like to overlook a hill from our bedroom window if possible . . ." and so on. No ideas of terms, most ambiguous as regards locality . . . and I am still trying to think of an hotel with a hill as its main outlook!

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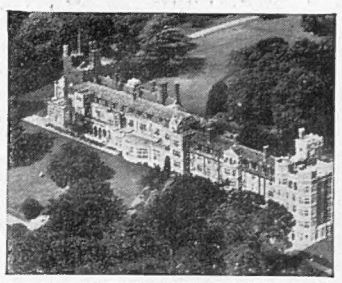

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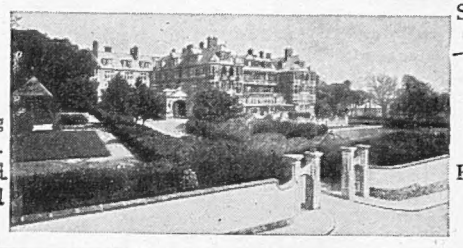

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Southampton for instance?

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hate being disturbed in their beds at Lincombe Hall, the garden Hotel of Torquay . . . just as the visitors do in theirs! Come and enjoy the Easter array.

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A thought for Easter

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TORQUAY 4373

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Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.

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Alexandra Hotel. Tel. Sloane 4521.
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SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

THE GOSLING STEP

(Continued from page 322)

Yet once started, the Führer can be a pied piper second to none. It was he who first thought of that prep-school military service book. Meticulously in every little fellow's Youth Pass must be inscribed attendance at drills, marching endurance, *Parade-schritt* ability (gosling step), and marks for "terrain sport," delightful verbal phantasy covering many forms of military exercises including field-days. No doubt these yield superior results to those of our Cadet Corps days. I recollect, on my only field-day, being told I was captured as early as 10 a.m., and further being thrown a pork pie and told not to move. That went on until 2 p.m., and it wouldn't have been so unutterably boring, not even the pork pie, but for my unhappy location; gazing hour after hour over Wigan. Or was it Warrington?

No doubt Hitler field-days are more efficient since the participating goslings will have been instructed in how to read maps, assess distances, emit signals, and camouflage their persons.

Hitler Youth equals the Pioneers in number (6,000,000). There are four divisions. German Young Folk, aged ten to fourteen. Hitler Youth, fourteen to eighteen. And two corresponding societies for maidens. Every Wednesday evening, and nearly the whole of Saturday, sometimes for ten or twelve hours, this composite and mesmerised youth have to cram Nazi dogma, drill, and athletics. Heretofore a quarter of Germany's schoolchildren had evaded matters, but that is now to end. Says von Schirach: "Germany's youth belongs to the State alone."

. . . Here come the Italian goslings, muskets shouldered, knees kicked high, heads thrust back, light blue neckerchiefs fluttering above black shirt-lets, Colosseum in the background. Via Imperia! These particular post-war, mostly post-Duce babies, entered the Balilla at eight and the Avanguardisti at fourteen. Soon they will be of the Giovanni Fascisti, liable at a pinch for battle, childhood and youth alike over. As suggested earlier on, of all the national youth movements the Italian emerges as the most single-mindedly militaristic. From earliest years the boy is taught to march and shoot, his toys, you might say, miniature machine-guns that fire to kill. And further forms of baby armament are on the way. But we have heard so much about Mussolini's militarised little boys; so that one can fade out just with mention of the all-ruling mental dope that is theirs from year's end to year's end.

Mussolini is always right.

Even when he furthers sickeningly untruthful statements concerning others. . . .

But, alas, no space survives here for me to enter the universal gosling's mind, and to draw conclusions for the future. That must be left to you.

CONTINUATIONS

A WEEK IN "BESIEGED" ITALY

(Continued from page 327)

Tuscolania will rise from the ground. Within five years America, Great Britain, Germany and France will have to accept an equivalent amount of Italian films in their cinemas if they want to retain their hold in Italy. "Sanctions" have made Italy business-minded. I was taken to see the plans of a new district which will spread from the Capitol to the Tiber at a cost of over £2,000,000. It will house many of the offices of the Rome County Council and—more important still—it will form the main entrance of the new great road to the sea. Rome will one day become a sea port. The goods from her Colonies will reach the capital by water as they did twenty centuries ago.

I walked through the newly opened "University City" which stands where a few years ago stood some of the most appalling slums. It is a marvellous conglomeration of ultra-modern scholastic buildings such as no other European capital—including Paris—can boast. Almost £3,000,000 have been spent on it, a huge amount of money for "poor and sanctioned" Italy, but 4,000 students from all parts of the Peninsula and from the four corners of the world will be able to absorb Italian culture under its roof. Hundreds of German, Austrian, Swiss, Rumanian, and Greek students are already following courses at its various branches.

The list of new works could continue almost *ad infinitum*. Hundreds of new buildings are being erected, thousands of new roads are being opened up, dozens of new hospitals, new schools, new post offices, new railway stations, new garages, new water-works, new docks, new aerodromes, new factories are springing up like mushrooms. How, one wonders, can Italy manage to pay for such gigantic works? It would be difficult to answer; no statistics are available; nobody knows how much gold is still left in the coffers of the Bank of Italy, nor how much paper passes through the printing presses of the Italian Treasury every day.

M. Pettinati

FIRE AND FURY ON THE ICE

(Continued from page 340)

So much for the Earl's Court Rangers. We now come to the Kensington Corinthians:—

(1) Born in Alberta.
(2) Born in Manitoba.
(3) Born in Scotland. Twenty-eight years of age. Lived in Canada for twenty years.
(4) Born in Ontario.
(5) Born in Fort Erie, Ontario.

Again, to quote one of the chief promoters of ice hockey in this country, "It would take a complete chapter to tell of the surreptitious ways necessary to build up a team." You may have read of the two players, Foster and Archer, to whom the Canadian Olympic team objected at Garmisch. They both provide a case in point, having been suspended by the Canadian Ice Hockey Association because they left their clubs to come to England. The English reply to this suspension is that if they are amateurs in Canada they have a complete right to change their address. The whole thing, of course, is a quibble made necessary by this International Ice Hockey League's rulings in Brussels. The sooner these "amateurs" allow themselves to be called professionals the better for the game.

Personally, I think that professional athletes in every sport are infinitely preferable to the vast majority of the amateurs. But unless a new definition is provided in the dictionary for these two adjectives, it is ridiculous for the present situation to continue.

National Provincial Bank, Limited

The annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the National Provincial Bank, Ltd., was held recently at Southern House, London, E.C. Mr. Colin F. Campbell (the Chairman) said that, in common with other banks, deposits showed further expansion, the total at the end of the year being an increase of £5,378,520 over those of the previous year. The final total was the highest for the year and, indeed, a record for the bank. Investments, exclusive of those in other banks and subsidiary companies, stood at £90,727,856, being 29·9 per cent. of the total deposits of the bank. The profit statement disclosed a profit increase of £21,677. The dividend was being maintained at 15 per cent. and, after allocating £100,000 to Bank Premises Account and £100,000 to Pension Fund they were carrying forward £922,406, an increase of £43,525.

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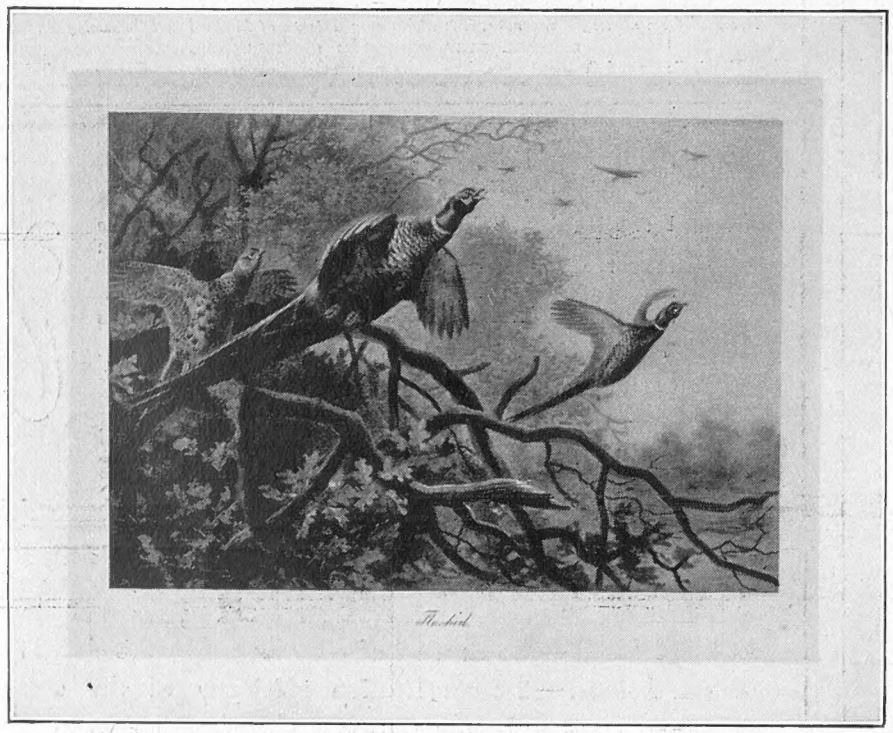

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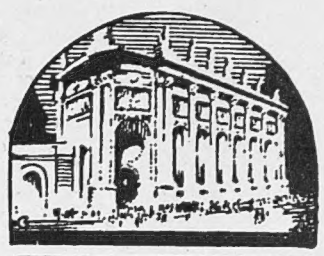

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